THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
at Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

*Guaranteed Circulation - 1,068*
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

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# Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XIV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 18, 1880. NUMBER 22.

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JOHNSTON, SHOEMAKER & BUCK, BANKERS, EBENSBURG, Pa.

MONEY RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT, PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
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COLLECTIONS MADE
IN ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the PRINCIPAL CITIES Bought and Sold, and a GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
Accounts Solicited.
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—DEALERS IN—
Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, CLOTHING, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, &c.,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.
NEW GOODS RECEIV'D WEEKLY AND ALWAYS SOLD AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.
☞ CASH PAID FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE when Goods are not desired.
J. W. SHARBAUGH & BRO.
Carrolltown, March 19, 1880.-tf.

B. J. LYNCH,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
HOME AND CITY MADE
FURNITURE!
PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS, LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS, TABLES, CHAIRS, MATTRESSES, &c.,
306 ELEVENTH AVENUE,
Between 16th and 17th Sts.,
Altoona Penn'a.
All citizens of Cambria county and all others desiring to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at low prices are respectfully invited to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere, as I feel confident I can please every want and please every taste. Prices low. Terms easy.
B. J. LYNCH.
Altoona, April 16, 1880.-tf.

INCORPORATED IN 1857.
STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.
PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Premium Notes now in force - $123,000.
Only Five Assessments in 22 Years.
NO STEAM MILLS TAKEN.
Good FARM PROPERTIES ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
GEO. M. READE, President.
W. DICK, Secretary.
Ebensburg, Dec. 21, 1880.-1y.

H. H. HENCH,
DEALER IN STRICTLY PURE
WHITE LEAD, LINSEED OIL,
MIXED PAINTS Ready for Use,
TURPENTINE, CALCIMINE, PUTTY, WHITE GLUE,
Varnish and Paint Brushes,
AND A FULL LINE OF
ALL COLORS GROUND IN OIL.
Prices as low as anywhere else in the city.
HENCH, THE PAINTER,
13th Avenue and 16th Street,
ALTOONA, PA. [6m.]

McNEVIN & YEAGER,
MANUFACTURERS OF—
Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron WARE,
AND DEALERS IN—
COOKING & HEATING STOVES.
RANGES, FURNACES, &c.,
No. 1104 Eleventh Avenue, - Altoona, Pa.
One door West of Opera House.

ROOFING AND SPOUTING
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
REPAIRING FOR STOVES CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Altoona, April 16, 1880.-tf.

DENTAL NOTICE.—DR. M. R. B. CREERY, Surgeon Dentist, Ebensburg, Pa., respectfully informs the public that he will be permanently located at Ebensburg during the first Monday of each month, and at Carrolltown on the fourth Monday of each month. Office at Ebensburg—Tuesday; Carrolltown—Monday of each month, and Wednesday of each month. All dental work will do well and be done promptly. I am prepared to furnish full sets of teeth and perform all other operations pertaining to my profession in a satisfactory manner and at the lowest possible prices.
M. R. B. CREERY, D. D. S.

M. F. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ALTOONA, PA.
Office on 15th Street, between 16th and 17th [5-7.-tf.]

DON'T, GENTLEMEN, DON'T
BUY A STITCH OF
WEARING APPAREL!
OR A SINGLE ARTICLE OF
GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS!
UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN THE IMMENSE STOCK OF
WARM-WEATHER CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS,
Trunks, Valises, &c., &c.
JUST RECEIVED AT THE
Young America Clothing House,
Corner Eleventh Avenue and Eleventh Street,
ALTOONA, PA.,
THE PROPRIETORS OF WHICH MAKE IT THEIR CONSTANT AIM TO
KEEP A STOCK AND SELL AT PRICES
WHICH FEW CAN EQUAL AND NONE CAN EXCEL.
Therefore we repeat it: Don't invest one cent in SPRING or SUMMER CLOTHING, GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, &c., &c., until you have seen what they can do for you at the
Young America Clothing House,
[4-23.] Cor. 11th Avenue and 11th Street, Altoona, Pa. [11-tf.]

An Important Announcement!

*To the Readers of the Cambria Freeman:*

We desire to inform you that we have REMOVED to a spacious room in Jaggard's New Brick Block, No. 1109 Eleventh Avenue, two doors above Ebert's Music Store, (near Thirteenth Street,) Altoona, Pa. Our constantly growing patronage, for which the old quarters were too small, necessitated this change, and with our present increased facilities we place ourselves in the front rank of the Clothing business in this city. Being fully prepared, therefore, to meet the demands of the Spring and Summer seasons of 1880, and having an attractive store room and plenty of light to afford a critical examination of our goods, it affords us more than ordinary pleasure to announce that we have opened an immense line of CLOTHING and GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, to which your particular attention is directed. We have made it our special study to purchase a stock of CLOTHING which combines diversity of styles, beauty of finish, superiority of textures, exactness of fit, and cheapness of price—in all which respects we guarantee that our stock will excel any other assortment in Altoona. Our display of styles in Diagonal, Worsted, Cassimere and Cheviot Suits, of the latest designs and for the most part of the best materials, are simply unsurpassed, while in the matter of prices we are selling much lower than many houses sold the same kind of goods in cheap times—and this, too, notwithstanding the great advance in all kinds of goods. Our facilities for obtaining bargains this season are greater than ever, our growing business enabling us to buy in much larger lots, which of course secures us the very best terms. In addition to our elegant line of Men's and Boys' CLOTHING, we have in store a large and varied stock of HATS, CAPS, GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, TRUNKS, VALISES, UMBRELLAS, &c., at prices proportionately as low as our Clothing. In all departments our entire line of goods has been carefully selected, ranging in prices in perfect harmony with each other, to the great advantage and convenience of our customers.

We hope you will give this circular a careful examination and that You will favor us with a call. We feel certain that if you give us one trial we shall be able to count you among our regular customers, and become convinced that our grand display and low prices attached deserve a portion of your patronage. With thanks for past favors,

I remain, very respectfully, yours,
CHAS. SIMON,
Of the Keystone Clothing House.
ALTOONA, MAY 28, 1880.-tf.

WE HAVE JUST OPENED A
NEW MILLINERY
And Fancy Goods Store
AT 281 MAIN ST., JOHNSTOWN, PA.
And respectfully invite the Ladies of Cambria and adjoining counties to give us a call, as we intend at all times to keep a full line of
TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED HATS,
Laces, Embroideries, Trimmings, Ribbons,
BLACK CRAPES, SILKS, Silk Velvets, Ornaments,
All kinds of Hair Goods, &c., &c.,
Of the LATEST DESIGNS and BEST TEXTURES, which we will sell at prices that cannot fail to benefit all who favor us with their custom. Also,
Rustic and Polished FRAMES of all sizes.
☞ New Goods of the latest styles and at popular prices will be received every day, and a first-class Milliner and Saleslady will be in constant attendance to wait on customers. A cordial invitation is extended to all the ladies of the land.
CORN & CO.'S BRANCH STORE,
No. 281 Main Street, Johnstown.
NOTE.—The above relates only to our Branch Store in Johnstown, but it should not be forgotten by those who do their shopping in Altoona that our old-established Store is at 1107 Eleventh Avenue, where we keep a large and varied stock consisting of DRY GOODS, CARPETS, FANCY GOODS, MILLINERY GOODS, HATS, CAPS, &c., &c., which we sell at prices that cannot be surpassed for cheapness. [April 19, 1880.-tf.]

GEO. W. YEAGER,
—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—
HEATING and COOKING STOVES
—AND MANUFACTURER OF—
TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,
1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.
☞ CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,'79.—tf.]

STILL HOLDING THE FORT!
THE NEW STORE BUILDING OF
S. TEITELBAUM, Carrolltown, Pa.,
HAS JUST BEEN OPENED WITH A SPLENDID STOCK OF
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,
And a cordial invitation is now extended by the proprietor to every reader of the FREEMAN to call and examine his assortment, examine the various qualities, and learn the unsurpassable prices, which are so low that 20 per cent. can positively be saved by those who buy their goods from me. The reason I can sell so cheap is that I bought my entire stock for cash and intend to sell for cash or its equivalent, and am therefore prepared to make quick sales at smaller profits than any other merchant in Cambria county. Don't take my word for this, however, but come and see for yourselves.
CARROLLTOWN, MAY 21, 1880.-tf. S. TEITELBAUM.

KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION AND PILES.
are quickly and surely cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which is having such an immense sale in all parts of the country, works on natural principles. It restores strength and tone to the diseased organs, and through them cleanses the system of accumulated and poisonous humors. Kidney diseases of thirty years standing have been cured, also Piles, Constipation, Rheumatism, &c., which have distressed the victims for years. We have volumes of testimony of its wonderful curative power. No lecture as Aloetic Bitters, which do more harm than good, or drastic pills, but use nature's remedy, KIDNEY-WORT, and health will be quickly regained. Get it of your Druggist. Price, $1. (Will send post paid.) WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop'rs, Burlington, Vt.

Ebensburg INSURANCE AGENCY.
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1865.-1y.*

WM. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, (recently occupied by Wm. Kittell, Esq.,) Centre street. [1-21.'76.-tf.]

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg. Office on High street, east end of residence. [1-21.'76.-tf.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [8-27, '79.]

### SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long—
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way—
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage-wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group:
He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed; and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along—
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old and poor and slow.

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was, "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

### A WATCHMAN'S ADVENTURE.

Mr. Dipper was one of the most efficient night-watchmen we ever knew, for you could no more catch him asleep than you could the proverbial weasel. Every hair in his head seemed charged with electricity, and constantly on the alert; and it was very evident that stroking his hair would produce the same sound as rubbing a cat's fur in the wrong direction.

The building under his nightly charge was a large silk warehouse on the outskirts of New York, and within a stone's throw of a large field, on which, at the period embraced in my story, a traveling menagerie had pitched its tent. As such exhibitions often brought bad characters into the neighborhood, Martin was more vigilant than usual; and, fearing that he might fall asleep, he took along a small bull-dog to act as deputy.

The night which Martin had such terrible cause to remember was a very gusty one in the latter part of autumn; and the tree in front of the warehouse was showering down its crimson foliage as if the red snow that is sometimes seen in the Poland regions were falling in huge flakes.

He was a strict teetotaler; and as every night-watchman requires some stimulant, he was in the habit of taking a pint of coffee with him and warming it up during the night.

Between twelve and one o'clock, he went up stairs for that purpose, as the only fireplace in the building was in a small front room on the second floor. After splitting up some old boxes, he made a blazing fire on the hearth, which lighted up the little room so resplendently that his lantern became a mere superfluity. The warmth was so grateful to his rheumatic limbs that he kept putting on fuel long after he had drank his allowance of hot coffee.

It was his custom to inspect the doors and windows on the ground floor of the building at regular intervals; so at two o'clock he went down stairs for that purpose, leaving the dog in a comfortable doze by the fire.

He had completed his round of inspection, and was on his way up-stairs again, when he heard a tremendous crash of glass, followed by a howl from the dog, a scuffling sound and all was still again. Martin cocked his Colt's revolver and rushed into the room, only to find the window-sash shattered to fragments and the dog gone.

How was that state of things to be accounted for? The dog couldn't have jumped through the window, because the scuffling sound succeeded the crash; and furthermore all the glass broken from the window was strewn upon the floor of the room, showing conclusively that the window was broken from the outside.

Martin was puzzled for once, and the more he revolved the matter the more it seemed that some supernatural agency had been at work. A glance from the window satisfied him that no human being could reach it except by means of a ladder; for, although the tree we have mentioned stood directly in front of it, the intervening distance was too great for any one to use the tree as a means of access to the window.

Martin then resolved to examine the ground immediately under the window, for traces left by the feet of a ladder, or by those of robbers. He was aware of the risk attached to such a course, but that could not deter him from seeking a clew to the disappearance of his favorite dog. He was on the point of going out when it occurred to him that his duty to his employer, which was always a paramount consideration in his mind, forbade that he should take so rash a step, and that he had already been guilty of gross negligence in leaving the broken window for an instant. So he hurried back to the room from which the dog had disappeared, and prepared to watch there until morning. The fate of the dog had warned him of the danger of having a light in the room, and thus making himself a conspicuous target to any one or anything outside; so he extinguished the fire, covered up his lantern in one corner of the apartment and sat in the dark, with his finger on the trigger of his pistol, awaiting further developments.

At this juncture there was a lull in the gale, which had raved with maniacal fury for several hours, and Martin's acute ear heard an indistinct sound below that was evidently caused by some one creeping on his hands and knees. Martin had often heard of hunters crawling in that manner to surprise their game.

A momentary silence ensued, and then he heard the tree violently agitated as if some giant were ascending it; for there was no wind blowing at the time. A moment afterward, what appeared to be the legs of a burglar was thrust through the window, and he fired one barrel of his revolver at it, but was unable to fire a second, as the exploded percussion cap had got wedged in behind the chamber of the pistol so as to prevent it from revolving.

But Martin meant business; so he threw the revolver at the mysterious object and then followed it up with a bowie-knife. But it soon dropped from his paralyzed hand, as he was jerked through the window, and found himself in the coils of a boa-constrictor.

The menagerie tent had blown down, the pole of it falling upon the serpent's cage, and so bending the iron rods as to let out its inmate.

Some hours afterward the menagerie men were engaged in repairing damages when they were horrified to see the enormous boa returning to its cage with the insensible night watchman in its powerful folds.

If Martin had offered the least resistance the boa-constrictor would have crushed every bone in his body; but as he fainted immediately, it supposed he was dead, and was conveying him back to his cage to perform the process of deglutition at its leisure; for it was already surfeited by the dog which it had swallowed. Upon being attacked by the men, the boa at once dropped its prey, and Martin received medical aid as promptly as possible, but remained unconscious for upward of twenty-four hours.

The morning after the memorable night Martin's employer was taking a horseback ride at an early hour when he noticed that the front window of the warehouse had been shattered to atoms; so he thereupon entered the building with his private key, but found no clue to Martin except the revolver, with one barrel discharged lying on the floor, and the bowie-knife upon the ground outside. He forthwith made inquiries about the neighborhood, and was informed of the occurrence at the menagerie.

"What was the color of the man's hair?" he asked with a view to identify him.

"White as the driven snow," was the reply.

"Then," said he, "it must have been a different man, for Martin's hair was as black as coal."

"Don't be too sure it isn't the same man," observed a bystander; "for such an adventure is enough to turn any man's hair white in five minutes."

The proprietor of the warehouse evidently thought the suggestion entitled to weight; for he straightway repaired to the bedside of the wretched man, and instantly recognized him as the faithful watchman, in spite of his snow-white hair.

Martin was ultimately restored to health, and strange to say the order of nature is reversed in this case and as he grows older his hair is gradually recovering its pristine blackness, so that by the time he is three score and ten his locks will be as dark as Cimmerian darkness itself.

### THE HIP POCKET.

What is known among tailors as the "hip-pocket" is exclusively a characteristic of the American species of man.

Mr. Withers is not a Western man and is wholly unacquainted with whisky; but his recent experience of the incompatability of hip-pockets and glass bottles was very painful and embarrassing. He had returned to his Orange county home from a brief visit to New York and had brought with him as a present for Miss Wilson—to whom he was betrothed—a bottle of that remarkable cement which is sold by sidewalk merchants, and which is by them represented as being much stronger than wrought iron. It had occurred to him that this cement would be a very nice to have in his future house, since with it all sorts of broken china and glass could be mended, and every one knows that children will break a great deal of china. On the evening of his arrival home he put the bottle of cement in his hip-pocket and called on Miss Wilson, intending to offer it to her as soon as he entered the house.

Mr. Withers was ardently attached to the young lady, and when he saw her before him he not unnaturally forgot all about such merely earthly matters as cement. The old people welcomed him politely, and after a few moments of conversation withdrew with a discretion which it is to be wished that all old people would emulate. Being of a frugal mind, and knowing that the merciful young man should be merciful to his intended father-in-law in point of kerosene bills, Mr. Withers promptly turned down the lamp and proceeded to make himself at home.

The bottle was a stout one, and would perhaps have withstood any ordinary pressure, but as Miss Wilson weighed fully 140 pounds, and as the back of the small rocking chair was of hard wood, it is not strange that the bottle yielded. Mr. Withers was so much interested in the weather and other subjects, such as usually absorb the attention of young men in his position, that he did not notice the breaking of the glass, and it was not until an hour later that a false alarm of "father in the front hall" induced Miss Wilson to flee to the sofa, and suggested to Mr. Withers the advisability of turning up the lamp.

The cement had done its work, and Mr. Withers did not get up to the light, but requested the young lady to discharge that duty for him. She did so, and then noticed his painful and preoccupied expression. To her anxious inquiries he admitted that he felt a little faint and would like a glass of water. Miss Wilson hurriedly went for the water, reproaching herself for being so heavy, and accusing herself of selfishness and want of consideration. In her absence the young man made superhuman efforts to wrench himself loose, but the cement refused to yield. When Miss Wilson returned with the glass of water, he looked so much worse that she was really frightened, and he was compelled to tell her the real state of the case.

She was a practical person, and she promptly proposed to get in a tin-kettle of hot water and dissolve the cement, but desisted when he explained to her that his system would not bear the application of water at the boiling point. She then timidly suggested that if she were to call pa, perhaps pa might lend you a pair; but Mr. Withers said no, he could not bear the mortification of being found in such a situation by any father. It was finally agreed that he should wait to a later hour and should then take the chair home with him. This was accordingly done, and had not the unfortunate young man been arrested by a local constable, who only discharged him when a severe test proved that his possession of the chair was purely involuntary, his misfortune might never have become generally known. When disasters such as this are liable to happen to the wearers of hip-pockets it becomes doubtful whether they are not altogether too hazardous for general use. In fact, good authorities maintain that the hip-pocket is entirely detrimental, and that an earnest and united effort should be made to secure its extirpation.—*N. Y. Times.*

A CLERGYMAN recently said that many a man while apparently singing with all his might the lines, "Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were a present far too small," was diligently engaged with one hand in his pocket in scraping the edge of a three-cent piece to make sure that it was not a dime.

### THE LOST INVENTION.

On a certain street in the city of L—— stood the palatial residence of the renowned Professor G——, which, on the evening our sketch opens, was brilliantly illuminated. In the large drawing-room a number of gentlemen were assembled. After listening with some amusement to the many inquiries and surmises of his guests, at length Professor G—— spoke.

"Gentlemen," he said, "of what you are to see or hear to-night none are more ignorant than myself. I know only this: some evenings since, while I was in my study, a visitor was announced. Directing the servant to show him into my library, I presently repaired hither, and was met by a stranger, who impressed me as being a man of intellect. After a few common-place remarks, he informed me that he had made a most wonderful discovery which he did not care just then to explain, but would like the honor of meeting some of my scientific friends, when he would make a test of his invention. His manner so impressed me that I acceded to this, and appointed to-night as the time of meeting."

At this moment the door-bell was heard to ring, and Prof. G—— prepared to receive his guest. As the door opened, there entered a person who, after shaking hands with Prof. G——, placed a small box on a table in the centre of the room, and advanced to the fire. He appeared to be a man some fifty years of age. His hair was iron-gray, while the thick beard which covered his face was almost black. An ordinary observer could tell from his countenance, and especially from his cold gray eyes, that he was a man of great ingenuity. Addancing to the table in the centre of the room, he took from the box a small, circular metal plate, through which ran two wires projecting some two or three feet on either side. Holding it up to the inspection of the audience, he spoke as follows:

"Most of you gentlemen are possessors of that knowledge of science of which I am utterly ignorant. I have come into the possession of a secret which, it seems to me, will revolutionize the scientific world. I have not as yet discovered the direct cause of the effect of which I will presently make you sensible. To-morrow I intend to write what I know concerning it, and deposit it in some safe place, so that should any accident befal me the benefits of my discovery will not be lost to the world. But you seem impatient, and I will proceed. I have reason to think that with this little instrument I am enabled to almost entirely destroy the weight of any body to which I attach it; in other words, I can temporarily overcome the laws of gravitation."

As these words fell from the lips of the speaker, a smile of incredulity flitted over the faces of his audience.

"You appear to doubt what I say," he continued, "but I will presently demonstrate what, if not true, will at least puzzle you to explain."

With these words the speaker attached the wires of the instrument to a chair standing near him. By retaining his hand under the metal plate alluded to, he moved the chair through the atmosphere with the utmost ease, as though it were indeed weightless. At length, detaching the wire from the chair, it fell to the floor with a crash. He then applied the instrument to the piano, and other objects in the room, with the same result.

"I will now make a test that I think far more wonderful than any other that I have yet made."

He then wrapped the wires around his neck and arms. Springing lightly from the floor, by merely placing his fingers upon the different objects in the room, wonderful as it may seem he moved through the atmosphere without the least exertion. Finally he detached the instrument from his person, and for a moment seemed quite giddy, almost falling. Placing the instrument in the box he continued—

"You are no doubt puzzled by what you have seen. I can assure you it is no trickery or legerdemain. The charm lies in the instrument alone. I desire to meet you all again on to-night week, when we may make some further experiments, and discuss the merits and your explanation of the instrument. I can trust to your honor not to disclose what you have seen to any one at present."

During the remarks of the stranger his audience listened with the most marked attention, and observed his actions with the most intense interest.

Among those present was a foreigner, a person who had recently arrived in L——, and who, by his genial, engaging manners, and familiarity with learned subjects, had inducted himself into the friendship of Professor G——. Hence his presence here. During the experiments of the stranger this person seemed ill at ease, sometimes even starting from his chair as he described some different powers of his invention. His countenance changed from an open, intellectual expression to an expression of intense jealousy and envy. . . . . .

The wind had driven away the snow-clouds, and the moon now shed its mellow light over the city. Along a deserted street fronting the river, a muffled figure trod the snow-covered pavement, seemingly in deep meditation. Some distance behind there followed another figure, closely muffled, dodging along in the shadows as though he desired his presence unknown. Out upon the bridge that spanned the broad river, now filled with ice, walked the figure in advance, closely followed. Near the centre of the bridge, he paused and leaned against the railing. At this moment a passing cloud obscured the moon. The figure peered into the darkness below, where could be heard the rushing waters and crashing ice. A deep-toned bell in a neighboring spire tolled forth the hour of midnight.

"What a time and place to die!" muttered the figure.

A step was heard behind him, he half turned, and received the blade of a poniard in his breast. He sank to the floor of the bridge with a smothered groan.

The assassin bent over the lifeless body of his victim, and presently arose with a small box closely clenched in his hand. With an effort he raised the body and cast it over the rail. It struck the water with a splash, and all was still save the rushing of the river. The murderer walked swiftly, stealthily away, and upon the bloody pages of the history of crime was written another scene of horror. . . .

On a low chair sat the figure of a man, his attention riveted upon some object he held in his hand. On his face were the deep, furrowed lines of weariness and care. An expression of remorse was upon his countenance.

"I can't find it," he muttered, time and again, and still worked eagerly on.

He became more excited, and walked the floor with a quick, nervous tread. He laid the instrument he had held in his hand aside, and seemed in deep meditation. Thus he sat for perhaps an hour. Presently he arose.

"I'll do it!" he said. "The world shall never know my secret, nor my guilt."

He went to a desk, opened a drawer and took out a pistol. Deliberately he examined it, then placed it to his forehead, pulled the trigger, and sent a bullet crashing through his brain. Servants rushed in and found him upon the floor, dead—weltering in his own blood, the author of his own as well as another's destruction. A servant saw a metal plate upon the table and carelessly threw it into the fire-place, little knowing the wonderful secret it contained.

Thus it was that a wonderful discovery was lost to the world—a discovery that would have indeed worked miracles. By it, freight and passengers might have been transported across the broadest river, the heaviest ships might have been moved from the water to the dock in the space of a minute, houses could have been lifted from their foundations and moved with ease to any distance—the monuments of ages, the catacombs of Egypt, might be transported across the seas and set in the public places of our cities. Truly it was a loss never to be repaired, unless the old maxim is sustained, "What has been done can be done."

### What Bob Ingersoll Knows About Rum.

The Colonel was lately employed in a case which involved the manufacture of ardent spirits, and in his speech to the jury he used the following language:

"I am aware there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell of death, that it is demoralizing to everybody that touches it from the source to where it ends. I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without being prejudiced against the crime. All they have to do is to think of the wrecks along the stream of death, of suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the destruction, of the little children tugging at the breast, of weeping and despairing wives asking for bread, of the man struggling with this damned serpents produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons and of the scaffolds on either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this vile stuff called alcohol. Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, blights parental hope and brings premature age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all paupers. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption and covers the land with misery, idleness and crime. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries and furnishes victims to the scaffold. It is the blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud, hates love, scorns virtue and innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, and the child to grind the parental ax. It burns up men, consumes women, deserts life, curses God and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes voters, disqualifies votes, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions and endangers the government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend, calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and unstained with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin. It does that and more—it murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies, the father of crimes, the mother of all abominations, the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy."

### A CURIOUS HISTORICAL ERROR.

Probably ninety-nine persons in a hundred believe that Sir Walter Raleigh visited America, for it is so recorded in many books; but a New York paper denies that the ill-starred favorite of Queen Elizabeth ever came to these shores, and makes the following statement in support of the assertion—a statement which will be news to many readers:

"Every few weeks we see in print something about Sir Walter Raleigh's visits to this country and sojourns in Virginia, where, indeed, some persons have assumed to have his blood through connections formed by him when in that colony. Hardly any historic error is commoner than this. It occurs continually, not only in newspapers here and abroad, but in books claiming to have been prepared with care. The cause of this widespread mistake is doubtless that Sir Walter Raleigh did set sail hither, 1579, with his half brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who had obtained a liberal patent for establishing a plantation in America. One of their vessels was lost, however, and the other so crippled, it is said in an engagement with a Spanish fleet, that they put back without making land. Four years later, Raleigh, weary of inactivity as a courtier, used his influence with Queen Elizabeth to procure a second expedition to these shores. Prevented at the last moment from coming in person, he left the command to Sir Humphrey, who sailed from Plymouth with five ships (June, 1583,) and reached Newfoundland, of which he took possession in the name of the Queen. The voyage was very unfortunate in many ways, and Gilbert, himself, in returning home, went down with one of the only two vessels he had left. Raleigh fitted out other expeditions to America, and is reputed, but incorrectly, to have named Virginia after Elizabeth in honor of her supposed maidenhood. She herself so designated the colony, and conferred upon her favorite the order of knighthood for the efforts he made to further its progress. Raleigh, however, never set foot on or even saw this land. Still a work with so much reputation and of such pretense as Chambers' Encyclopedia' says, in an article on Raleigh (we quote from the London edition of 1877): 'The spirit of enterprise was, however, restless in the man, and, in 1582, a patent having been granted to take possession of land to be discovered by him on the continent of North America, he fitted out two ships at his own expense, and shortly after achieved the discovery and occupation of the territory known as Virginia.' What does this mean if it does not mean that Raleigh came over in his ships? The Cyclopedia commits the same blunder in divers places, of which this is one: Speaking of the potato, it says it was once carried to England without attracting much notice, till it was a third time imported from Virginia by Sir Walter Raleigh. If a standard work, ranked as an authoritative work of reference, makes the glaring mistake, is it strange that newspapers and hastily written books should trip on the same points?"

"YES," said a witness "I remember the defendant's mother crying on the occasion referred to. She was weeping with her left eye—the only one she has—and the tears were running down her right cheek."—"What," exclaimed the Judge, "how could that be?" "Please your honor," said the witness, "she was awfully cross-eyed."

### A STRANGE DREAM STORY.

There is an inexplicable story—which I believe has never been published—among the traditions of the fat, fertile hill country of Western Pennsylvania, the most unlikely quarter in the world to serve as a breeding place of mystery. It was settled almost wholly by well-to-do farmers from the north of Ireland, economical, hard-working folks—God-fearing, too, after the exact manner described by John Knox, and having little patience with any other manner. Not a likely people, assuredly, to give credence to any fanciful superstitions, and still less to originate them. The story indeed has a bold, matter of fact character in every detail which quite sets it apart from relations of the supernatural. I have never heard it explained, and it is the best authenticated mystery in my knowledge.

Here it is in brief. Among the Scotch-Irish settlers in Washington county in 1812 was a family named Plymire, who occupied a comfortable farm and house. Rachel, the daughter, was engaged to a young farmer of the neighborhood. On a Saturday evening in July, having finished her week's work, she dressed herself tidily and started to visit her married sister, who lived on a farm about five miles distant, intending to return on Monday morning. She tied up her Sunday gown and hat in a checkered handkerchief and carried her shoes and stockings in the other hand, meaning to walk in her bare feet and to put them on when she came in sight of her destination, after the canny Scotch fashion.—She left home about 7 o'clock in order to have the cool evening for her walk. The road to the farm was lonely and unfrequented. The girl did not return home on Monday, but no alarm was felt, as they thought her sister would probably wish to detain her for a few days; and it was not until the latter part of the week that it was found that she had never been at her sister's. The country was scoured, but in vain; the alarm spread, and excited a degree of terror in the peaceable, domestic community which would seem inexplicable to city people, to whom the newspaper has brought a budget of crime every morning since their childhood. To children raised in those lonely hamlets and hill-farms murder was a far off, unreal horror.

The girl had left home on Saturday at 7 o'clock (farmers go to bed with the chickens), a woman living in Green county, about forty miles from Plymire form, awoke her husband just seen a murder done, and went on to describe a place she had never seen before—a hill country with a wagon road running through it, and a girl with a bundle tied in a checkered handkerchief, her shoes and white stockings in the other, walking briskly down the grassy side of the road. She was met by a young man—the woman judged from the manner the meeting was by appointment—they sat down on a log and talked for some time.

The man at last rose, stepped behind her and drawing out a hatchet, struck her twice on the head. She fell backwards on the wet, rotten leaves, dead. Presently the man was joined by another, also young, who asked: "Is it done?" He nodded, and together they lifted the body and carried it away out of her sight. After a while they came back, found the bundle of Sunday finery and the shoes and stockings, all of which were stained with blood. There was a ruined old mill near the road; they went into it, lifted a loose board in the flooring, put the bundle, shoes, etc., with the hatchet, underneath, and replaced the board. Then they separated and went through the woods in different directions. The farmer's wife told her dream to her husband that night; the next day (Sunday), going to a little country church, she remained during the intermission between the morning and afternoon services. The neighbors who had come from a circuit of twenty miles to church, gathered, according to their homely habit, in the church yard to eat their lunch and exchange the news.

Our dreamer told her story again and again, for she was impressed by it as if it had been reality. After the afternoon service the congregation separated, going to their widely-scattered homes. There were thus many witnesses ready to certify to the fact that the woman had told the dream the morning after the murder was committed at a distance of forty miles, when it was absolutely impossible that the news should have reached her. There were no telegraphs, we must remember, and no railways in those days—not even mail carriers in those secluded districts.

When the story of the girl's disappearance was told over the country at the end of the next week, the people to whom the dream had been repeated recalled it. Nowadays the matter would only serve as good material for the reporters, but the men of those days still believed that God took an oversight even of their dreams. Might not this be a hint from him? The Rev. Charles Wheeler, a Baptist clergyman of Washington, well known in western Pennsylvania and Virginia a generation ago, and Ephraim Blaine, Esq., a magistrate, father of the present senator from Maine, and as popular a man in his narrow circle, drove over to see the woman who had told the dream. Without stating their purpose, they took her and her husband, on pretense of business, to the Plym

# Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - JUNE 18, 1880.


DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE:
HON. GEO. A. JENKS,
*of Jefferson County.*

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL:
COL. ROBERT P. DECHERT,
*of Philadelphia.*

OREGON ratifies the nomination of General Garfield by electing the first Republican to the Forty-seventh Congress, being a Republican gain.—*Altoona Tribune.*

The truth of history compels us to puncture this wayward Garfield balloon, by the simple statement that the Oregon election took place on *Monday*, June 7th, and that Garfield was not nominated until the afternoon of *Tuesday*, the day following. It was, therefore, the ratification of an event *before* it ever took place, or was even dreamed of.

DENNIS KEARNEY'S wife appears to be a woman of fair average common sense, since Dennis said, in a speech in the Greenback National Convention last week, that before leaving California she warned him against having anything to do with woman suffragists, and distinctly declared that if he violated her instructions, instead of greeting him with a kiss when he returned, she would welcome him *with a flat-iron*. Sensible Mrs. Kearney, even though Dennis himself is a political lunatic.

GENERAL BELKNAP, Grant's fallen Secretary of War, is reported as saying that "Garfield is the most corrupt man in America." This is about as strong a way of putting it as can possibly be imagined, but Belknap himself, while he was Secretary of War, was so plastered over with corruption that a charge of that kind made by him against another would not be worth considering unless it was supported by other evidence, which happens to be the case in this particular instance.

THE Greenback National Convention, which met at Chicago on Wednesday of last week, nominated Gen. James B. Weaver, of Iowa, for President, and E. J. Chambers, of Texas, for Vice President. Weaver is the present member of Congress from the sixth Iowa district. He became a member of the Greenback party in 1877, and prior to that time was a Republican and supported the two administrations of Grant. His principal competitor for the empty honor was Hendrick B. Wright, of this State, who, during the last four years, has performed on a Democratic horse and on a Greenback horse, *both at the same time*, in the political circus of Luzerne county, with the most unparalleled success.

A LETTER couched in highly complimentary terms and signed by seventy-eight residents of Harisburg, who were either soldiers of the late war, or widows or orphans of men who died for their country, has been addressed to General Coffroth, extending to him their sincere thanks for the speech delivered by him in Congress on the 18th of last month in favor of the bill to establish a Court of Pensions. The fact that the signers of this tribute to Gen. Coffroth are doubtless all entire strangers to him, shows that his watchful care as a member of Congress over the interests of wounded and disabled soldiers, as well as of widows and orphans of deceased veterans, is appreciated by them to their fullest extent.

BECAUSE Jeremiah S. Black and Jas. A. Garfield happen to belong to the same church, and are, or at least were at one time, mutual friends, is no reason why the Republican papers should now start the lie, that as Judge Black was leaving for Europe he remarked to a Republican, "If the Republicans wish to nominate the purest and best Republican in the country, they should nominate General Garfield." Who ever heard of Garfield as a candidate when Judge Black left this country early in the Spring, and is it at all probable that after Judge Black only a few years ago, in a well remembered magazine article, had literally flayed Garfield on account of certain things he had said, would now indulge in extravagant eulogium upon him?

THE Democratic State Convention of Illinois, which was held on yesterday week, displayed a great deal of wisdom and good sense by nominating Lyman Trumbull for Governor. Mr. T. has a national reputation and possesses peculiar qualities which will make him a very formidable candidate. He will live in history as one of the seven Republican members of the Senate of the United States who refused to convict President Johnson on his impeachment trial in 1868. If any Democrat can carry Illinois, Lyman Trumbull is the man to do it. In his speech to the convention he gave the Democrats some practical and excellent advice, saying among other things that "no matter what objection could be raised to the Republican Presidential nominees, they will command the votes of the Republican party, and the Democracy has the Republican party to defeat and not its candidates."

BOTH branches of Congress adjourned *sine die* on Wednesday last. The deputy marshals' bill is in the hands of Mr. Hayes. If he has said he will sign it, he won't do it, and if he stated that he would *not* sign it, he will be sure to approve it. He has often before played this same *role*. The Republicans in the House assumed a heavy responsibility before the country on Monday in filibustering, as it is called, so as to prevent the Democrats from passing the joint rule regulating the counting of the electoral vote. It had passed the Senate some time ago, but failing to pass the House, goes over until next December.

P. S. Since the above was written Hayes has killed the bill by a veto message. As the bill was almost the exact counterpart of the one offered in the House last April by James A Garfield, and advocated by him as a most proper measure, that gentleman must regard the vote as a direct reflection upon his judgment in the premises.

THE Democratic National Convention will meet at Cincinnati on next Tuesday, and we hope to be able to send out with the next issue of our paper a supplement containing the entire proceedings. The convention will be composed of some of the ablest and best known Democrats in the Union, each State having taken care, as a general rule, to select as delegates its most trusted party leaders for the important business committed to their hands. Unlike most similar conventions that have heretofore been held, it will contain remarkably few *instructed* delegations, probably not more than four out of the thirty-eight States having expressed any direct preference as between the candidates. The convention will, therefore, be a body peculiarly fitted for mutual consultation and the fullest and freest interchange of opinion between its members before the time for decisive action arrives. Forewarned by the stupendous blunder of the Chicago convention, the Democrats who will assemble at Cincinnati will be forearmed, and will take care not to put forward two candidates like Garfield and Arthur, and by so doing be compelled from the very start to wage a defensive instead of an aggressive campaign. We feel entirely confident that the convention, in the conclusions at which it will arrive, will fully meet the expectations of the Democracy of the whole country, and that no Electoral Commission, nor any other fraudulent contrivance, will ever be permitted to interfere with the verdict of the people in favor of its nominees. The convention will contain 738 delegates, and under the two-thirds rule 492 votes will be necessary to make a nomination. The eight Territories and the District of Columbia will not be represented by two delegates from each, as they were at the Chicago convention, which contained 756 members.

THE Republican organs are now engaged in furnishing their readers with a large and varied assortment of incidents, said to have occurred in the childhood life of Garfield. The voters of this country, who make and unmake Presidents, are not particularly interested in manufactured reminiscences of Garfield's childhood, either at the age when he was "muling and puking in his nurse's arms," or at the period shortly subsequent to that when he proudly arrayed himself in pants and went willingly or lazily, as the case may have been, to school. All these "incidents" in Garfield's youth are trifles light as air compared to the real business now in hand, and what the people propose to find out is what manner of man James A. Garfield has shown himself to be since he appeared upon the public stage, and at length, by a sudden turn of the political wheel, has been thrown to the surface as a candidate for the Presidency. Does his career in Congress during seventeen years prove him to be a man of integrity, or does any part of it show the very reverse? Does his Congressional record show that the people can safely trust him in the Presidential office, or that it would be a hazardous experiment to invest him with executive power? These are the questions which will now be pushed to the front, and in the solution of which the people are specially concerned. It is almost five months until the election, and when Mr. Garfield's opponent is put in nomination next week at Cincinnati, and the campaign is fairly started, the men who will decide between them by their votes will be afforded ample time and opportunity to sift the false from the true, and thus arrive at a wise and intelligent conclusion.

THE Republicans throughout the country, especially the leaders of that party in Congress, with the single exception of Conkling, are sorely perplexed to discover how Chester A. Arthur happened to be put on the Chicago ticket for Vice President. There is a substantial reason for their solicitude in reference to this vexatious question, for it is the supreme wonder of American politics how Arthur was the man selected for the second highest office in the government—the man who, if elected, will preside over the Senate and who in a certain contingency would become the acting President. He is, and always has been, the subservient creature and tool of Roscoe Conkling, ready and willing at all times to execute his imperious demands in their minutest detail. He is Conkling's most active and efficient agent in running the Republican "machine" in the city of New York, and is as well known as a lobby agent at Altoona as Bill Kemble ever was at Harrisburg. He was Collector of the Port of New York, and so disreputable was his administration of the office, that Mr. Hayes, on the strength of charges preferred against him by John Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury, for abuses long continued and constantly increasing, removed him from office in order that its duties might be discharged "honestly and efficiently." This is the man who has been selected by the Republican party, in national convention assembled, to preside over the Senate—an office that has been filled by some of the best and most distinguished men the country has ever produced. Nothing so completely shows the downward tendency of our politics, and never before was so flagrant an insult offered to the people.

THE Assistant Treasurer of the United States in New York has notified Secretary Sherman that unless the silver dollars stop pouring into the vault from the mint, that receptacle will soon overflow, and he will be in trouble to know what to do with them. The Treasurer says he has over *five hundred tons* of silver dollars on hand just now, and that nothing will persuade anybody to accept them in payment of debts due by the government when they can possibly avoid it.

EX-SENATOR JAMES A. BAYARD, father of the present Senator Bayard, died at Wilmington, Delaware, on Sunday last, in the 81st year of his age. He belonged to the earlier school of stalwart statesmen whose personal honor and official integrity were beyond suspicion.

SNOW fell in Minneapolis, Minn., on Monday.

## OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

THE PRESENT TORRID TEMPERATURE—THE AMERICUS CLUB—PHILADELPHIA INNS IN 1780 AND 1880—TWO GREAT EVENTS—THE FIRST RIPE PEACHES—THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT—THE COINAGE OF THE U. S. MINT—THE WHIPPING POST AND PILLORY—THE REAL STATESMAN, ETC.

PHILADELPHIA, June 14, 1880.

*To the Editor of the Cambria Freeman:*

The return of the torrid temperature has developed a decided inclination for freedom from the heat, and hence the Park is not only largely patronized, but the steamers on the Schuylkill, running to Wissahicken, the Zoological Garden, Belmont, Rockland, Strawberry Mansion, Laurel Hill and Falls of Schuylkill, are doing a large business. Moonlight trips from the 16th to the 26th instants will be a new feature in summer excursions. The steamer Twilight has resumed her Burlington, Bristol and Florence trips, and the Gloucester Point Garden steamers run from South street every thirty minutes, affording a very pleasant ride.

PHILADELPHIA INNS IN 1780 AND 1880.

In last week's letter you were given the number of churches in Philadelphia a century ago. At that early day, if churches were few, inns were numerous. Among the inns the famous one was mentioned last week, the "Tammany Wigwam." The inns in those days were all distinguished by pictorial swinging signs, such as the Eagle, the Leopard, the Battle of the Kegs, Noah's Ark, Sailor's Return, Golden Swan, American Soldier, Seven Stars, Green Tree, Harp and Crown, Jolly Sailor, Mermaid, Dragon and Horse, Indian King, Louis XVI, Hen and Chickens, Gen. Wayne, Horse and Groom, Bunch of Grapes, Turk's Head, Cross Keys, Boar's Head, White Horse, Rising Sun, Moon and Stars, Three Jolly Irishmen. The inns of Philadelphia to-day are innumerable. There are "lots and gobs of 'em." More inns than churches, and more innkeepers than church pastors.

THE AMERICUS CLUB.

The Americus Club of this city, numbering sixty men, with George McGowan as marshal, will leave on Saturday morning in the 11.50 train for Cincinnati. A banner, a beautiful work of art, will be carried by the Club to the National Democratic Convention. The banner is made of the richest material, with a life-like owl worked upon its centre. The Club will be accompanied by the Wecacoe Legion Band, consisting of twenty pieces.

TWO GREAT EVENTS.

Two years hence—1882—two great events, the founding of the youngest of the "Old Thirteen Colonies" and the birth of Washington, will be celebrated. An association has been formed in this city for said purpose, and it is designed to make the demonstration unusually imposing and brilliant. The province of Pennsylvania was fifty years old when Washington was born, and consequently the two hundredth anniversary of our Commonwealth is the one-hundred-and-fiftieth of the birth of our first President. Hence there is a peculiar propriety in having this magnificent celebration in Pennsylvania. So far as the celebration of the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Washington is concerned, it will be national, and it is expected that all who desire to show respect for the name and memory of the foremost man of his time in distant States and foreign countries will take part in the demonstration. Every American who can will celebrate the SESQUI-CENTENNIAL OF WASHINGTON.

In the year 1810 a fund was started in this city by the Society of the Cincinnati for the purpose of erecting a monument to Washington. By investments and contributions, the fund now aggregates $137,000, which, with a fund for that purpose deposited in one of the banks of the city, will enable the society to carry out their intentions. This artistic monument is to adorn the Park, George's Hill having been selected for its location.

It is not strange, when it is considered how many of the great events of Washington's career took place in this State, that the people of Pennsylvania feel more than ordinary interest in the fame and history of Washington. While this feeling is rife, your correspondent suggests that our State also honor in some manner the memory of William Penn, who first established the principle of complete freedom of opinion and worship, and laid the foundation of a peaceful and prosperous commonwealth.

THE FIRST RIPE PEACHES.

On Monday, the 8th instant, a consignment of naturally ripened peaches from Atlanta, Georgia, was received in this city. They were the earliest naturally ripened peaches ever brought here, being sixteen days earlier than last year. The peaches sold for $2.25 per peck and were really delicious looking. Your correspondent didn't "precipitate," however, as the price was a little too steep for anybody but well-to-do people to indulge in the luxury.

THE WHIPPING POST AND PILLORY.

In their final presentment the Grand Jury of this city for the May term somewhat surprised Judge Biddle by recommending the establishment of the whipping-post and pillory in this State. The Judge denounced the whipping-post, believing it would not be for the welfare of the community to revive that mode of punishment. The jury represented the prisons as being overcrowded, and after setting forth that a short term of imprisonment, with comfortable quarters and wholesome food, is not adequate punishment for certain offenders, recommend something similar to that now in vogue in Delaware State as the best mode of overcoming the present evil of overcrowded prisons, in which the jury is right. The professional thief, the adroit swindler, the confidence man, the well dressed pickpocket and the brutal wife beater should all be publicly whipped, and in a very short time there would not be one of that class of offenders for every fifty that now prevail. Incarceration to a sensitive man may be painful and humiliating enough to accomplish all the objects sought to be obtained by punishment to prevent a repetition of his offence, but for such offences as referred to the punishment should be severe, short and decisive. The wife beater, the well dressed pickpocket, etc., after a scourging at the whipping post will not repeat their offences. By all means let the State have whipping-posts for the punishment of this class of offenders. The action of the Philadelphia Grand Jury will at least be a comfort to the Delaware people, who have had to stand a great deal of abuse for their adherence to the whipping post and pillory, to know that a Grand Jury in the city of Brotherly Love has had the courage to suggest that these venerable institutions are not without merit. Nothing can render a man more effectually infamous than a public lashing. Let the lash be applied.

THE REAL STATESMAN.

When the House bill to increase the per diem pay of the Night Inspectors of Customs from $2.50 to $3 was in the Senate for passage, Mr. Bayard advocated and Mr. Beck opposed it, saying it was simply "increasing the Republican campaign fund." Mr. Bayard said it had never occurred to him, in legislating as to the compensation of employes, to inquire whether the employe was a Republican or a Democrat, nor did he propose to time his votes with any relation to an election, by voting one way before and another after. Such a statesman is Mr. Bayard.

The Empire State of the South, Georgia, sends a solid Bayard delegation to Cincinnati. The Southern delegation will rally to his support almost to a man, and it is generally believed that he will go into the convention with the greatest number of votes. He will have almost a unanimous South, and will have greater weight in the North than any other gentleman named in connection with the nomination. He should be made the Democratic leader in the battle denominated by the Narraganset Pier hero (?) as the "Austerlitz of American politics." Huzza for the real statesman, Thomas H. Bayard.

THE COINAGE OF THE UNITED STATES MINT.

Recently two millions of dollars were sent from the mint in this city to New York on an order from Washington, and there are now stowed away in its vaults about thirty-two tons of silver dollars, representing one million four hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The Philadelphia mint commenced in January last to coin thirty millions of dollars in $5 and $2.50 gold pieces, and at present contains largely over twenty-four millions of dollars in gold and silver coin. It will also coin one million of silver dollars during the present month.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The pedestal rests upon a broad base, to be 30 or 40 feet square and 8 or 10 feet high, and will be reached by flights of steps on each of the four sides and will have a fountain at each of the four corners. Presiding over each of these fountains is a recumbent figure, a trapper, an Indian chief, an Indian squaw, a young person who may be a frontiersman, probably the trapper's wife, while in attendance on these distinctively American men and women are distinctly American beasts, such as bisons, grizzly bears, mustangs, and so on. The whole affair will stand about fifty feet high. If the design is not ideally perfect, it is comforting to think that it might have been a great deal worse. This design for the Washington monument in this city, which has been selected from the five designs placed in competition before the committee of the Society of the Cincinnati, is the work of the German sculptor, Sermerling, of Berlin.

GIVE US BAYARD.

The candidate put forward by the Republican party, with all his political sins, has one virtue, which is a fair record on questions of finance. With all the other scandalous transactions which are matters of record against him at Washington, he starts out on his political voyage with favoring wind and weather on the financial question, which is the great question of the day, and to meet a candidate so well equipped in this respect the Democratic party must put forth their best man. The Democrats have one man who meets, at every point, the need of the hour, and that man is Thomas F. Bayard. His record, not only on the finance question, but upon all the uppermost questions of the day, is clear and statesmanlike. No other man will be presented at Cincinnati who so fully meets the exigencies of the time. In States with clear Democratic majorities his canvass will take care of itself, while in all doubtful States with him as a candidate all the vigor and push of the campaign could be brought to bear.

Mr. Tilden has a grievance, it is true, but he has made himself a record with his grievance which has sunk him in public esteem, and a campaign in his favor would be a defensive one, and a defensive campaign is the last thing the Democrats should think of in the present state of affairs. The Chicago nominations have done much to clear the way for Democrats at Cincinnati. The situation demands that the Democratic candidate for the Presidency should come from the East, and that he should be a man whose record is so made up as to win the confidence of Eastern voters. Mr. Bayard is as popular in Massachusetts as he is in Maryland, and would receive the votes of all conservatives. With such a man in the Presidential chair the nation would breathe free again, because all parties would feel sure of a clean and reputable administration.

G. N. S.

MRS. MARY NEWMAN BRISTER, who was born in Montgomery county, Pa., on June 8, 1780, has celebrated her one hundredth birthday. She was never sick in her life until last year, and then she had a fever, which prostrated her for a short time. She is now in excellent health. Mrs. Brister's maiden name was Fry. She was married in Philadelphia in 1800 to George Brister, who was five years her senior. He went to war in 1812, and was at the battle of New Orleans. He died in 1850. George Fry, Mrs. Brister's father, was a potter, but followed the business of transporting goods by pack horses from Philadelphia westward. He was born in Bucks county in 1730, and was in Braddock's campaign against the French and Indians, in 1755. In 1833, at the age of 103, he started from Philadelphia to walk to Indiana to visit a relative who was living there. He walked all the way to Cincinnati, whence he wrote back to his family. That was the last ever heard of him.

IT is a remarkable coincidence that Garfield and Arthur taught school in the same room remote from their present places of residence. North Pownal, Bennington county, Vt., formerly known as Whipple's Corner, is situated in the southwestern corner of the state, and by the usual traveled road is an hour's ride from New York, through the corner of Vermont, by way of North Pownal, into the state of Massachusetts. In 1861, Chester A. Arthur, fresh from Union college, came to North Pownal, and for one summer taught the village school. About two years later James A. Garfield, then a young student at Williams college, several miles distant, in order to obtain the necessary means to defray his expenses while pursuing his studies, came also to North Pownal and established a writing school in the same room formerly occupied by Mr. Arthur, and taught classes in penmanship during the long winter evenings.

IT is aptly suggested by the Raleigh (N. C.) *Observer* that, admitting the cost, direct and indirect, of the rebellion to have been as Secretary Sherman states it in his recent reply to a Congressional resolution of inquiry—$6,800,000,000—it would have been a good deal cheaper if the Government had purchased the Southern slaves at $500 apiece all around. That would have settled the matter without any war at all. As it is, the expense of freeing the 3,500,000 negroes at the South was about $2,000 each including superannuated, the cripples and the pickaninnies. As Benjamin Franklin would say, that was paying rather dear for the whistle. The most disconsolate part of the business in that not withstanding the negroeswere bought at so high a price they betray a disposition to go back on the Republicans by voting with their old masters.—*Philadelphia Record.*

FROM THE HUB.—There is perhaps no tonic offered to the people that possesses as much real intrinsic value as the Hop Bitters. Just at this season of the year, when the stomach needs an appetizer, or the blood needs purifying, the cheapest and best remedy is Hop Bitters. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; don't wait until you are prostrated by a disease that may take months for you to recover in.—*Boston Globe.*

IT is impossible for a woman after a faithful course of treatment with LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND, to continue to suffer with a weakness of the uterus. Enclose a stamp to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for her pamphlets. [5-11.-2t.]

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Michigan, will send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days trial. Speedy cures guaranteed. They mean what they say. Write to them without delay.

## NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—The wool clip in Mercer county this year will be worth $1,000,000.

—The friends of Mr. Bayard place his strength at 165 on the first ballot.

—Counterfeit twenty dollar American gold pieces are in circulation in Ottawa, Canada. Ottawa be adopted to prevent this?

—Faribault, Minn., lays claim to having the oldest horse in the country. It is a 46-year-old mare a descendant of the original Justin Morgan.

—The ex-Empress Eugenie took her departure on 3d instant from the spot where the Prince Imperial was killed and is now returning to Durban.

—The Bedford *Inquirer* maliciously remarks: "Messrs. Cessna and Over went to the Chicago convention instructed. They return enlightened."

—The remains of the boy tramp, Willie Carter, who was accidently killed at Titusville, have been exhumed and sent to his parents at Wilmington, Del.

—Three hundred millions of dollars worth of cotton will be gathered into the pouch of the solid South this year, no matter who is elected President.

—Samuel Ford, a colored sailor from Philadelphia, committed suicide Friday morning by throwing himself in front of a heavy-laden truck on Broadway, New York.

—St. Paul's church at Troy is to have two organs, one in the choir and one in the chancel. A pneumatic apparatus will enable a single player to play both instruments at once.

—A. H. Clark, of Groton, has a ram that thinks. It thinks enough to butt apple trees, when there is fruit on them, until the apples drop off, when it stops thinking and goes to eating.

—The Elk *Advocate* says it makes no difference where Harry English, the murderer of that county, is; that $1,000 reward has not proved an inducement for any man to lay hands on him.

—A Bradford dispatch of the 13th says: The fire at Titusville is entirely under control. The total loss will aggregate $1,500,000. The insurance is comparatively nothing on the above.

—Elmer Brown, a young man of Millheim, Centre county, was accused by his father on Monday of last week of taking $5 from his pocket. The son soon afterward committed suicide by shooting.

—The body of a Pittsburg shoemaker who disappeared several days ago, was found in an abandoned well in that city on Tuesday last, bearing marks of violence. It is believed that Quirk was murdered.

—The Kane *Blade* reports that an attempt was made recently to arrest Harry English, the Elk county desperado, in the southern part of the same county and that he killed one man and wounded three others.

—In the centre of a large wood in Warwick township, Lancaster county, lives the Musselman family, consisting of three maids, aged 73, 74 and 76 years, and cousin, aged 80. They never have company and seldom leave home.

—Elijah Pedergast (colored) on Sunday night cut his wife's throat from ear to ear, at her home in California, a suburb of Louisville, Ky. The two had been for some time separated on account of jealously. The murderer escaped.

—Henry Augustus Boardman, D. D., a well known clergyman and for over forty years pastor of the Tenth Presbyterian church, Twelfth and Walnut streets Philadelphia, died at his residence at seven o'clock on Tuesday morning.

—John Cessna and W. H. Armstrong say it will be harder to carry Pennsylvania with Garfield than with any other candidate who could have been selected, because the people of Pennsylvania cannot be made to believe that Garfield is not a free trader at heart.

—At Allentown, on Saturday, Mrs. Laura Aldrich, wife of L. P. Aldrich, shot her husband, while in a fit of jealousy, and then inflicted several wounds upon herself, which will prove fatal. Mr. Aldrich treated cases of stammering and hailed from Philadelphia.

—Mrs. Campbell, wife of Joseph Campbell, farmer living near Lindsboro, Illinois, on Monday, became deranged, and while her husband was in bed attempted to dispatch him with an axe. She succeeded only in badly disfiguring his face, and causing him to nearly bleed to death.

—Joseph H. Fortier is the name of an interesting youth who was found by a census man at Oldtown, Me., the other day. He is twelve years old and the fifth in succession bearing the same name. Each of the five was the first born, and all were born on the first day of April.

—As two children of Jesse Cloud, of Kennet township, Chester, were playing in the orchard a large black snake coiled itself about the arm and leg of the younger. The children screamed and the father appeared and dispatched the reptile, though not before the little girl was bitten.

—The body of James Williams, colored, was found in the woods near Lawrence, Ind., on Saturday, with the head crushed into a shapeless mass. His wife was found unconscious on the floor of his cabin with her skull crushed, but still alive. Her recovery is doubtful. There is no clew to the murderers.

—The dory Little Western, manned by George P. Thomas and Frederick Norman, started on her perilous voyage across the Atlantic on Saturday afternoon. A large number of boats of every description accompanied the tiny craft some distance out. This is the smallest boat that ever attempted the trip.

—The Philadelphia *Record* will begin a fight in the courts to wipe out of existence the following institutions which it is claimed are dealing in bogus diplomas: Eclectic Medical College, American University of Philadelphia, Philadelphia University of Medicine and Surgery, and Philadelphia Electropathic Institution.

—Governor Albert G. Brown, of Mississippi, was thrown from his horse into a pond, near his home, on Saturday night last, and drowned. The deceased resided near Jackson Mills and was 67 years old. He was governor of Mississippi for two terms and served his State as a member of Congress and of the United States Senate.

—Part of the Pacific delegation to the Cincinnati Convention arrived in Chicago on Friday. All declared to a newspaper reporter that, "with a good nomination by the Cincinnati Convention, the nomination of Garfield by the Republican Convention would give the Democrats California by from ten to twenty thousand majority."

—William Binkley, proprietor of the Pike Valley Mills, East Hempfield township, Lancaster, went into his field the other day to hoe tobacco. He hung his coat and vest on the fence. In the vest pocket were $58 in money and a draft for $500. At the other end of the field a cow was grazing. The cow meandered and ate the pocket-book, money, draft and all.

—Weitzel and Fretz, bosom friends, wrestled for sport at a picnic, at Dayton, Ind. Fretz was thrown violently, and he appeared to feel his defeat considerably, though he laughed over it. A little later he took up a shot gun to fire at a bird, clumsily missed the mark, and shot Weitzel through the heart. The point to determine is whether the killing was accidental.

—In Titusville, Pa., a few days ago, Mrs. Joseph Bushnell died from the effect of kissing the dead body of her father ten days before, while attending his funeral in Pittsburg. Her father died of erysipelas, and at the time mentioned she had a sore on her lips, through which her blood was poisoned. Her little daughter Ella is not expected to live from kissing her mother.

—The story runs that when Mr. Geo. B. Roberts was a young man he was encouraged by a friend with the remark that he might some day be President of the United States. After meditating a moment he answered, "I would much rather be President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company." Little did he think then, as an humble civil engineer, that his wish would be fulfilled.

—Some days ago William H. Kernan, late editor of the paroxysmal Okolona *States*, was severely cowhided at Vicksburg, Mississippi, by Colonel A. Y. Harper, the senior editor and proprietor of that paper. Kernan got angry because of his discharge from the editorial force of the *States* and sought revenge by making slanderous remarks about Harper's family, which led to the cowhiding.

—The Paris *Figaro* says: Do not waste your orange peel, but make an incision round it midway, and remove carefully in two halves. Take the two cups and place them hollow downward, one on the grass and the other among the plants or vegetables. At the end of a few days you will be rid of all slugs, black or gray. Every morning your will find that they have taken refuge under the cups of orange peel and can be destroyed.

—The Lancaster *New Era* says that Mrs. Augustus Derrick, of Rawlinsville, is the owner of a turkey hen that recently hatched out twenty-two turkeys. Soon after that event she became permanently disabled, when the gobbler took possession of the brood and is raising them with as much care as the hen could have bestowed on them. A few days ago a number of crows attacked the young turkeys, but they were put to flight by the old gobbler in short order.

—E. P. Williams, a young colored man, is the census enumerator of the Ninth ward of Bureyrus, O. Several years ago Williams was run over by a train of cars and lost both arms, which were taken off near the shoulder. In the absence of hands to write with he has learned to write by holding a pen or pencil between his teeth, and is able in this way to produce a legible style of penmanship. He writes very rapidly, and in his work as enumerator takes an average of two hundred names a day.

—Howard's wife deserted him at Iola, Kan., and positively refused to return to him. He procured the service of two clergymen, who accompanied him to her father's house, where she was living, and spent an entire afternoon endeavoring to effect a reconciliation. Howard was willing to promise anything she demanded, but she stubbornly resisted all arguments, and the ministers gave up the task. That night Howard broke into the house with an axe, chopped his wife frightfully, and would have killed her if her father had not shot him dead.

—A terrible tornado swept through the southeast part of Pottawattomie county, Iowa, Wednesday night of last week. The track of the tornado was about half a mile wide, and demolished everything in its course. About ten persons are known to be killed, and twenty in all are known to be missing. Not a house was left standing in the track of the storm. Men, women and children were blown a great distance, some being killed and others badly injured. The storm did not last fifteen minutes and was unaccompanied by rain.

—Charles A. Hill, a lawyer of St. Louis, was arrested in his office last Friday on a charge of counterfeiting and uttering bogus money. When the officers entered his office he was found manipulating one-dollar greenback notes in such a manner as to make ten dollars out of nine. In his trunk, in a sleeping room adjoining his office, were found a regular counterfeiter's outfit of plaster of paris, various metals used in making bogus money and moulds for making five and ten-cent pieces. A man named Buckingham, who was in Hill's office at the time, was also arrested.

—A telegram came to the Wesleyan Female Seminary at Cincinnati for Miss Mary Beach, daughter of a State Senator, saying that her father had died suddenly of apoplexy. The school officials gave a ready assent to her speedy departure, and did all they could to assist and soothe the seemingly grief-stricken girl. She was joined at the depot by a young man whom she introduced as her cousin. He really was her sweetheart, and had sent the message according to a previous understanding with her, not because her father was dead, for he was not, but to enable her to get out of the seminary and elope with him. They were married before the fraud was discovered.

—Farmer Wait, living in Washington township, Erie county, underwent an operation the other day for a most horrible and incurable disease. His head, face, nostrils, mouth, arms and body are covered with hideous spongy fungus spouts, filled with blood and quite black, a hue which his whole body is assuming. One of these parasites fastened upon a tonsil, and, spreading over the air passage, nearly suffocated him and prevented food being taken thro' the natural channel. The removal of the throat growth was effected, and he can now swallow, but his death is inevitable. He is a most horrible sight to witness, and prays for death. Physicians there have never before met with a case of this rare disease.

—William Binns was hanged at Warren, Bradley county, Ark, on the 11th inst., for the murder of Com Edwards, in June, 1879. Both were colored and kept company with a colored woman named Dora Cook. Binns became jealous and Edwards' body was found in Dora's houses with the skull crushed by some heavy instrument. Binns was seen near the house shortly before, and when arrested had blood on his clothes. Both he and Dora were sentenced to death, but the Governor commuted the woman's sentence to twenty-one years' imprisonment, there being doubt of willing complicity. Binns showed great coolness on the scaffold and died protesting his innocence. He died of strangulation, his struggles being terrible.

THE Chicago *Daily News*, which strongly advocated Grant's nomination for a third term, denounces Garfield and Arthur in the following outspoken terms:

The ticket nominated by the Republican National Convention, when viewed from any reasonable stand-point, must be regarded as an exceptionally weak one. It was unfortunate enough that Gen. Grant should be robbed of his fair and equitable vote by a system of rascality unparalleled in the history of American politics; it is past proper characterization that he should be supplanted by the nomination of two such men as James A. Garfield and Chester Arthur.

Of the nominee for President, it is only necessary to know his history to cause one's cheeks to mantle with shame that it is possible for any respectable body of men to name him for President. His career in Congress, covering a period of eighteen years, presents an unbroken chain of evidence of his unfitness for the exalted position for which he has been named.

A leading member of the corrupt Credit Mobilier ring, the confessed recipient of that stock which was used so liberally for the corruption of Congress, as long ago as 1873 the brand of infamy was placed upon his brow. Mr. Garfield subsequently sought to break the force of Oakes Ames' statement respecting him by the claim that he had borrowed money instead of receiving stock, but this was conclusively proven to be false.

Very soon after James A. Garfield voted for the infamous Salary-Grab act. For this his constituents in Republican Convention assembled at Warren, O., on the 26th of March, 1873, unanimously adopted a resolution "asking James A. Garfield to resign his seat in the House of Representatives, declaring that by voting for the retro-active Salary-Grab bill he had forfeited the confidence of his constituents."

Upon his own confession, he accepted $5,000 from De Golyer & McClellan, paving contractors, of Chicago. Garfield was Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives, from which the Government of the District of Columbia received the largest proportion of its means.

As to Chester A. Arthur, it may be said that he represents all of the bad qualities chargeable to Roscoe Conkling and his New York ring, without a single redeeming trait. To nominate him upon a platform pledging the Republican party to civil-service reform, while he himself has not been dismissed from the New York Custom-House for violation of the civil-service rules, is so palpably ridiculous as to awaken the jeers and condemnation of every intelligent citizen.

It now only remains to be seen whether these specks upon the white monument which stands for the first citizens of the nation will be effaced by the popular judgment in November or not. We believe it will be difficult for the Democrats, insane and idiotic as they are, to name so bad a ticket that it cannot overleap this corrupt pair.

THE New York *Times*, the leading Republican paper of the country, riddles the platform adopted by the Chicago convention in this wise:

It is a great pity that the National Convention of the Republican party should have put out a declaration of principles and opinions and purposes, with one exception, so incomplete, so weakly framed and so jumbled with matters of importance or slight importance. * * * The resolutions make not the remotest reference to any positive policy for the future regarding the currency, either the legal tenders or the silver. Their allusion to the tariff is a foolish repetition of the platform of 1876, and shows that they have no conception of the change which has taken place in the sentiment of the party and of the whole country since then, or of the duty and the obligation which present themselves in this connection at the present moment. On the other hand, the committee have seen fit to introduce several declarations which in no wise reflect the general opinion of the party, and which are calculated to excite dissent and confusion. Of these, that against the Chinese is, perhaps, the most conspicuous for its maladroitness and its obvious spirit of buncombe. It is intended to catch votes on the Pacific coast, but bids for sectional votes are not in order in a national platform, and this adds to the fault of narrowness that of ambiguity amounting almost to duplicity. The resolution asks nothing sufficiently definite for legislative action, but only seems to ask what is purely local and by no means entirely rational sentiment for the moment requires. Another of the declarations which do not express the general sentiment of the party is that in favor of an amendment to the Federal Constitution forbidding appropriations by the several States in aid of sectarian schools. Here we oppose all to such appropriations Republicans as individuals may be—and they are not entirely unanimous even in this—not one in a thousand of the party has ever entertained the notion of forcing them in the Federal Constitution. The proposition is an ill-considered one, it involves considerations of great importance, it is not a fair expression of any conviction of the party, and it does not deserve a place in a national platform.

The New York *Sun* exposes some of the glaring falsehoods of the same platform in this emphatic style:

"The Republican party suppressed a rebellion which had armed nearly a million of men to subvert the national authority." No it didn't. The loyal people of the Union suppressed that rebellion. "It has raised the value of our paper currency from 37 cents to the par of gold." No it hasn't. The credit of the nation and the industry of the people have brought the currency to par.

"It has restored upon a solid basis payment in coin for all the national obligations." No it hasn't. It has stood by while the laws of trade have operated.

"It has paid $888,000,000 of the public debt." No it hasn't. The people of the United States have paid the money. And but for the monstrous dishonesty of successive Republican administrations the public debt would have been further reduced by hundreds of millions, or the burdens of the people would have been less by hundreds of millions—the hundreds of millions wasted and stolen under Grant.

"We affirm that no further grant of the public domain should be made to any railway or other corporation." You promised exactly the contrary years ago, and have not raised a hand to execute the sentence.

"History will honor Rutherford B. Hayes."—That is a lie.

"The reform in the civil service shall be thorough, radical, and complete." You promised it in 1872 and in 1876. You will keep on promising it so long as the people will be such fools.

The real platform of the Republican party was enunciated at Chicago, not by the Hon. Edward Stanwood, but by one Flanagan of Texas. It is truthful and brief: "What are we here for except to get office?"

TERRIBLE DISASTER AND LOSS OF LIFE.—The steamboats Stonington and Narragansett collided on Long Island Sound, on Friday night last, the latter taking fire and sinking in seven fathoms of water. There were between three and four hundred passengers on board the Narragansett, not less than fifty of whom lost their lives. A New York *Post* extra of Saturday furnishes the following account of the disaster from a passenger on the Stonington:

"Soon after the steamer left Providence the weather became thick. By 11 o'clock nearly everybody was in bed and all on board quiet. At about 11:15 there was a sudden crash, and in a moment there was a terrible confusion. Men, women and children in all stages of undress rushed frantically from their berths and hastened to the upper decks. For a few moments everybody thought the boat was sinking, and there was a struggle for life preserves. The officers of the boat said it was backing forward, but that there was no danger. It was then seen that the steamer into which the Stonington had run was the Narragansett. The latter was struck amidships, and two or three minutes after the collision flames burst out and almost immediately enveloped the entire vessel.

"The scene was delightful. The shrieks and cries of the passengers on the Narragansett were distinctly audible on the Stonington. They could be seen leaping into the water and rushing frantically in all directions. The boats of the Stonington were lowered after a delay of several minutes, and by that time the Narragansett had settled and was sinking. By some blunder the plugs in the life-boats were left out and they filled with water. This caused additional delay. Then the men in the boats did not know how to row them. At last they reached the scene of the wreck and picked up a number of persons floating on life preservers, mattresses, chairs, tables, planks, etc.

"The scene was appalling

# Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY MORNING, - JUNE 18, 1880.


## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

### DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Democratic voters of the several wards, boroughs and townships of Cambria county are requested to meet at their usual places of holding the general election, on **Saturday, June 19, 1880,** at 2 o'clock P. M., and elect two delegates from each election district to represent them in the County Convention, to be held at the Court House, Ebensburg, on **Monday, June 21, 1880,** at 1 o'clock P. M., to nominate a county ticket and to transact such other business as the rules of the party may require. The polls will be kept open until 7 o'clock P. M. on Saturday.

By direction of the County Committee the following propositions, with reference to the manner in which future nominations are to be made, are to be voted upon at the same time and a return thereof made to the Chairman on the 21st of June, proximo:

Proposition One.—The old system of two delegates from each district.

Proposition Second.—One delegate from each district.

Proposition Third.—The system known as the Crawford County System.

Proposition Fourth.—That each election district in the county polling one hundred Democratic votes or less, be entitled to one delegate, and for each additional one hundred votes one delegate, to be based upon the vote polled at preceding Gubernatorial election.

Each Democratic voter is urged to vote for the system he prefers, and the election officers are requested to make a return showing the number of votes cast for each proposition, and to inclose the same with the credentials for the delegates elected, so that they will be received together on Monday, June 21st, and a report thereof made to the Convention.

WM. H. SECHLER,
Chairman Democratic Co. Com.

Ebensburg, May 21, 1880.

### Here, There and the Other Place.

—New goods every day at Oatman's.

—Choice sugar-cured hams at Oatman's.

—Cold rains and cold reigns—or did on Tuesday.

—Lawns and white goods of all kinds at Oatman's.

—Choice maple syrups, 65 cts. per gallon, at Freidhoff's.

—If you want the best flour sold in town, go to Oatman's.

—Freidhoff has the best sugar-cured hams and side-bacon in the market.

—Farmers, look out for scythes, snaths, rakes, etc., at Freidhoff's cheap store.

—Scythes, snaths, rakes, etc., lower in price at Oatman's than elsewhere in town.

—See advertisement and posters of Heist's mammoth stock of buggies, wagons, furniture, etc.

—Ladies who don't buy their shoes and gaiters at Oatman's are sadly behind the age.

—If you want the genuine St. Jacob's oil, remember that Oatman's is the place to buy it at.

—Rain in profusion, and cold without stint, is the record of Tuesday we now put in print.

—Excursion tickets from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati and return have been absolutely fixed at $12.50.

—Among the prisoners in the Blair county jail is a young man who was born in Rio Janeiro, Brazil.

—The first cherries of the season were bought in town on Tuesday last and sold at ten cents per quart.

—Capitalists wishing to invest in county bonds will find some caudal reading in our advertising department.

—Mr. Philip Collins, of Philadelphia, is with us once again on a visit to the old homestead. Welcome at all times.

—Our pleasant friend and prompt-paying patron, Mr. Charles Ranstead, of Baltimore, was in attendance at our county Court, this week.

—The new Court House is to be completed before the first of September, 1881, and is to be lighted with gas manufactured on the premises.

—Two or three of the census enumerators in this section of the county come together every now and then and hold a condolence meeting.

—The wire worm has appeared in some parts of Huntingdon county, and as it lives in and wires out the yield of grain is to be, is no doubt.

—"My mother-in-law is a walking advertisement for Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup," a subscriber remarked yesterday; "she recommends it everywhere."

—"Uncle" Dave Trexler, of Gallitzin township, was with us on Monday, but refuses to say he hadn't a single adventure under floor or field to relate.

—A great big figure 1 expresses the increase in the population of Loretto during the last ten years. Better that than to progress backward, like Ebensburg.

—Mr. Geo. A. Storm, a well known portrait and scene painter to the manor born, and raised, and probably still is on a visit to Johnstown from his home in Wheeling, W. Va.

—McDonald & Co., of Loretto, are always prepared to furnish genuine N. O. baking molasses, Arbuckle's coffee, T. C. Jenkins & Co.'s spices, baking powder, spices, etc., etc.

—Harrytree proposes to do itself proud on Saturday, July 3d, in a big picnic under the trees of its local cornet band, which we hope will make a nice thing out of the festival.

—The Mountain House at Cresson opened on Monday last, with the names of some twenty-five guests on its register. The Mountain House at the same place has also received its first invoice of sojourners.

—McDonald & Co., of Loretto, are selling prints at 7 and 8 cents per yard, dress goods at 10, 12 and 15 cents, ginghams at 8 and 10 cents, muslins at the same figures, and other goods at prices proportionately low. We don't have any doubts about McDonald & Co., of Loretto, being able to sell the best assortment shoes for ladies and children in the county, a visit to their establishment will be sufficient to convince you on that score.

—The commission of Capt. S. W. Davis, of Company A, of this place, having expired, he failed to fill the vacancy will be held at the armory on Saturday of next week. Capt. Davis will no doubt be his own successor.

—Ex-Sheriff Myers and Mr. M. D. Kittell have been selected as Mr. Shoemaker's delegates and Messrs. N. J. Freidhoff and J. G. Gibson as Mr. Langbein's delegates in the First ward of this borough. The East ward will be heard from.

—A young man named Harry Miller, a brakeman, whose home is said to be in Pittsburg, was knocked off his train by a bridge as struck by the coal dump at Millwood, Somerset county, on Monday last, and received fatally injured.

—The poetry of babyhood is turned into the darkest kind of prose when one has to walk the floor all night to the ceaseless wail of a colic-suffering baby. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup prevents all such scenes and sorrow by its unfailing influence.

—Mr. J. C. Lardin, of Taylor township, is the owner of seven little pigs, which have had but one natural mother and draw their nourishment, on their nourishment, from the family cow, which don't seem to mind it a bit, whenever the opportunity offers.

—The story which found its way into some of the local papers the other day about the finding of the dead body of a man near the railroad track in the vicinity of Lilly's Station, in this county, seems to have lacked that most essential of elements—the naked truth. Deputy Prothonotary O'Donnell will leave this morning for Johnstown, from whence he intends to depart to-morrow evening for Cincinnati, whither he hopes to be accompanied by ex-Sheriff Baumer. A pleasant journey and pleasant tidings from them.

—The spire of the First Methodist church, Altoona, was struck by lightning on Monday afternoon and a hole about eighteen inches in diameter knocked in the first knee of the bell-tower. The lightning-rods were also nearly broken off and splintered in two places.

—The returns of the census enumerators of Altoona, official as to five wards and estimated as to three, show the population of that city to be 19,716. And yet Supervisor Miller has forbidden our local enumerator to tell how many people there are in Ebensburg borough.

—The annual exhibition at St. Francis' College, Loretto, will take place on Tuesday, June 29th, commencing about 8 o'clock in the forenoon. The exhibition at St. Aloysius' Seminary, presided over by the Sisters of Mercy, will be held in the afternoon of the same day.

—A four-year-old son of Mr. Christopher Beichler, of Altoona, broke his neck on Friday last by falling from a paling-fence, which he had mounted for the purpose of picking cherries from a tree, and death resulted in a few minutes after being carried into the house.

—Just received at N. J. Freidhoff's mammoth store, a varied and elegant stock of lawns, dress ginghams, piques, lace buntings, armures, poplins, black grenadines, tarmise cloth, chevoits, and a full line of dress goods at bottom figures, which means that he will not be undersold.

—A young man named Fultz has been arrested in Hollidaysburg for an alleged indecent assault on a sixteen-year-old girl. Fultz denies the most serious part of the charge, but admits that he assaulted the girl while drunk. He has been held in $500 bail for his appearance at Court.

—Messrs. Raphael Hite and Lewis J. Bearer, two progressive farmers of Carroll and Susquehanna townships, respectively, have each raised a new barn within the past week, and when the harvest-time comes once again we hope they will have abundance of produce with which to fill them.

—A German emigrant woman gave birth to a child on the Mall Express train west over the P. R. R., in the vicinity of Latrobe, on Sunday morning last. The front part of the smoking car was utilized for the purpose, and at latest accounts the mother and child were getting along finely—over the road and otherwise.

—Rev. W. S. Lloyd, of this place, went to school in Ohio, to Gen. Jas. A. Garfield, the Republican candidate for President, from 1855 to 1857, but we don't know that that is any good reason why the Democratic nominee shouldn't beat him—if it can be done, and goodness knows it can if the right man is selected.

—Peter McGough, Esq., of Portage, was appointed by the Court last week to fill the position of Supervisor of she southern portion of said township, vice John McGough, who was elected but failed to file the requisite bond. Considerable effort was made by some parties to head the 'Squire off in this appointment, but it seems they didn't have a large enough "header."

—The dead body of a newly-born infant was found tied up in a portion of a paper sack, a short distance west of the Johnstown depot, on Thursday morning last. The presumption of some is that the remains were thrown from a passing train, but the opinion most general is that the heartless mother lives in or near Johnstown.

—The incessant downpour of rain on Monday night, Tuesday and Tuesday night, has no doubt created a booming flood in the Susquehanna and its tributaries, and the next thing we hope to hear of is the outgo of all the timber in said streams and the income of a goodly sum of money to Northern Cambria and parts adjacent.

—The "go-as-you-please" picnic at Lloydsville, on Saturday last, is said to have been a most enjoyable affair. About twenty persons from this place participated, and were joined at Cresson and Gallitzin by fully five times that number. The excursion and attendant festivities were in every respect delightful, and all returned well pleased with the jaunt and the jollification.

—A terrific wind and rain storm prevailed in this vicinity for a short time on last Sunday afternoon, but so far as we have learned no serious damage resulted. Within the borough limits several fruit and shade trees were prostrated, while in the country not only trees but fences and other moveable property suffered to some extent.

—The heavy rain of Saturday evening last caused a flood which swept away the St. Clair dam in Lower Yoder township, from which Johnstown was partially supplied with water, and also took with it the greater part of a saw mill, water-wheel, tools and other portable property, as well as a bridge, fences, and such like. A lady named Gates had a very narrow escape from drowning.

—The Huntingdon *Globe* has commenced its thirty-seventh annual revolution, and Mr. Frank Willoughby has bowed himself out of the Huntingdon *Local News*, leaving Brother Lindsay all alone by himself, but we ain't going to let on about it in either case until next week, when we will try and give each of them one of the best blizzards in the shop.

—The Altoona *Sunday Call* is the latest journalistic emanation from that city of live newspapers and live people, and it is drawing it sufficiently mild to say that Brother Haines shows excellent taste and more than ordinary ability in the get up and make up of his new venture, which is in no sense a rehash of the daily edition of that paper. May its success be commensurate with its merits.

—The terrible army worm, which just now is devastating the grain crops in the eastern part of this State, New Jersey and elsewhere, is not unknown in the northern part of this county, where it appeared some fifteen or twenty years ago and played sad havoc with the oats crop, especially in certain portions of Clearfield township, which it reached a little too late to operate on the wheat, rye and corn.

—A contract for straightening half a mile of the P. R. R. track near Coatesville, Chester county, has been awarded to Hon. John A. Lemon, the Republican candidate for Auditor General, and a contract for the political straightening out of six feet, more or less, of the aforesaid contractor has been assigned to Col. Robert P. Dechert, the Democratic candidate for the office to which Col. Lemon aspires.

—Mr. Isadore H. Sultzbach, of Philadelphia, brother of Mr. Simon Sultzbach, dec'd, late of this place, and a gentleman known to many of our citizens, was on board the ill-starred Narragansett when it was set on fire and sunk in a collision on Long Island Sound, and had the good fortune not only to escape with his own life, but was the means of saving the life of a poor crippled girl, who would otherwise have been either burned or drowned.

—Mrs. Julia Barnard, wife of Mr. Fuller Bernard, of Frostburg, Md., and second daughter of Mr. A. T. Pindle, of this place, died of consumption at her home in the former city on Monday last, aged about 23 years. The sad intelligence reached Mr. T. too late for him to reach Frostburg in time for the funeral. Deceased leaves a bereaved husband and infant child to mourn her untimely death. Peace to her ashes. "In Memorium" next week.

—Hon. A. A. Barker took his departure Tuesday evening, with his little satchel in hand, for Cleveland, Ohio, where the Prohibition National Convention assembled on Wednesday last, and whither he no doubt went either as a delegate at large or a large delegate, as the case may be. Hope he will return with at least the nomination for Vice President on the Prohibition ticket in his possession, though the first place would be an honor well merited.

—Some sneak thief entered the cellar of Mr. John McBride, in Cambria township, on Monday night last, and gobbled up about eight pounds of butter, plate and all, as well as a crock of milk and some other provender. We can't commend the method adopted by the thief for supplying his bread with the usual spread, but we nevertheless admire the taste he displayed in going where he knew the very best of butter was made.

—The Carrolltown cornet band, which is composed of some of the most genial gentlemen in that really excellent community, intends to offer its service to the printers of the Juniata Valley for their coming picnic, and with an eye to business will probably give the Executive Committee a sample of what it can do when said Committee meets in this place on the 10th proximo. Hope their figures will be as acceptable as we are sure their music would be.

—Wm. Murray, a young resident of Cambria borough and an employe in Wood, Morrell & Co.'s tailor shop, Johnstown, was no doubt forcibly, not to say *sternly*, reminded of the bent pins which abounded during school hours in the days of his youth, as they do even unto the present time, when he sat down on the business end of a pair of shears the other day and cut a deep gash in the flesh of a certain portion of his system which the *Tribune* very properly locates near the thighs.

—One of our Philadelphia friends and patrons, Mr. Geo. W. Cope, a former resident of Johnstown and also of this place, when he very acceptably filled for a time the position of superintendent of our public schools, was a passenger on the steamer Stonington, which collided with the Narragansett on Long Island Sound last Friday night. Mr. Cope was returning to Philadelphia from a business trip to New England in the interest of the American Iron and Steel Association. He arrived home safely Saturday.

—Mister Mary Joseph, of the order of the Sisters of Mercy, Altoona, whose name in the world was Miss Ella Thomas, sister of Hon. James Thomas, a representative from this county in the Legislature of 1878, and whose home is in Munster township, this county, is lying at the point of death with consumption as we write on Tuesday forenoon, and no hope is entertained for her recovery. She is an accomplished French scholar, a remarkable mathematician, and a greatly beloved member of the Sisterhood.

—We cannot too earnestly urge upon the Democrats of the county the necessity of turning out in full force to the delegate election to-morrow and sending good men to the convention, who will not only see that last year's foolishness is not repeated, but that the work of the convention is well done, the best possible ticket nominated, and that not unfounded though we trust fallacious hopes of the opposition in this county dashed to the ground with such a decided emphasis as to leave no chance for a future resurrection.

—The Johnstown barbers have taken a step in the right direction by resolving at a meeting on Monday night last not to do any more face-scraping on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday. Unlike the Chicago convention, this is a victory for Blain, who, however, is not the same Blaine who figured on that momentous occasion, but our former worthy fellow-townsman, Mr. Abram Blain, who in this instance has proven himself a veritable Moses in leading his brethren out of the land of bondage on the Sunday shaving question.

—We have made arrangements to send to each of our subscribers with the next issue of the FREEMAN a supplement containing a full report of the proceedings of the Cincinnati convention, and this may possibly delay the issuing of our paper somewhat beyond the usual time, though we hope to get out on Friday at the farthest. Even that, however, will somewhat derange matters, but as we are entitled by common consent (of ourself and employes) to a week off about the 4th of July, we will probably omit puolication the week following and issue the next paper thereafter on the 9th of July.

—The citizens of Cherrytree were considerably startled, as we learned from our wide-awake correspondent, J. O. C., a little too late for our last issue, by the finding of the dead body of a man named Larry Lannigan, whose remains were discovered at half-past 6 o'clock on Wednesday morning of last week near the residence of Mr. Wm. Smith, with whom he had been staying since the Saturday previous. A coroner's jury was empanneled and rendered a verdict of death from natural causes. Deceased was a brother-in-law of Mr. David W. Smith, of Cherrytree, and was aged about fifty years.

—The Clearfield *Republican* says that a beautiful dark-bay horse, belonging to Mr. Wesley Bloom, of Pike township, Clearfield county, and valued at $250, while attached to a cultivator in Mr. Bloom's corn field, on Tuesday, became frightened and began kicking, at each blow striking the solid iron of the implement, and continued the work so until his hind legs were completely mashed. The owner immediately procured a gun and shot the horse so as to end his misery. On the Saturday previous Professor Hamilton, of the New York circus, offered Mr. Bloom, at Curwensville, $225 for his horse, but the offer was not accepted.

—Mr. Charles Prosser, of Minersville, aged about forty years, found himself confronted by the Atlantic Express east while crossing the iron bridge at Johnstown on Monday evening last, and in hopes of escaping the terrible death which threatened him, lay down on the broad beam between the tracks, but unfortunately got his head too near to the rail, and the result was that the engine struck him and fractured his skull. He was picked up and taken to the Johnstown station, from whence he was removed to his home, where at latest accounts he was lying in a very critical condition with little if any hope for his recovery.

—The popularity of the FREEMAN, without any corresponding perquisites to its publisher, is pretty well exemplified by the fact that no less than eight families in a certain locality in Cambria township borrow the paper every week from one of our patrons, and no doubt peruse it with as much pleasure and profit to themselves as it is unquestionably an annoyance to the gentleman who subscribes for it and an injustice to the man who prints it. How strange, indeed, that such things can be, and yet they are like a summer cloud, when only one dollar and fifty cents, you see, would secure to each a paper and make him feel more proud!

—The ice-cream festival at the Court House on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings of next week, for the benefit of the Church of the Holy Name in this place, will be well worthy of a visit, or indeed many visits, from all who appreciate the good things of life and have a disposition to add a cause that is so worthy of success as it is in need of it. The preliminary arrangement have been confided to a number of ladies connected with the church who have had considerable experience in such matters, and as their best efforts will be used to make it in every respect attractive and enjoyable, we entertain the hope that the members of the church in particular and the community in general will look in on the festival frequently and patronize it liberally during its continuance.

—The Fourth of July will be celebrated in Carrolltown on the 3d, 5th and 6th, instead of the 3d and 5th, as was at first contemplated, this new deal being necessitated by the fact that the excellent cornet band at that place has an engagement at New Washington, Clearfield county, on the 3d. The proceeds of the two-days' festivities will be devoted to the purpose of a large chime for the church-tower in Carrolltown, and the money, if any, remaining after that has been done, will be used in repairing St. Joseph's church at Hart's Sleeping Place, one of the oldest religious edifices in the county. We need advise no one to attend the festivities at Carrolltown, for sure we are that all who delight in such things will be there in full force, knowing as they do that there is no place like that place on such occasions.

—The Altoona *Daily Sun* devotes two columns of its Monday's issue to a very readable sketch of the busy and honorable career of our old friend, Col. Frederick Fettinger, Esq., of that city, who has just retired from the book and stationery business, in which he has been successfully engaged since the year 1856, and in which he embarked with no capital whatever except fifty dollars of borrowed money. In his retirement to private life Mr. Fettinger has our best wishes, as indeed he has always had during the many years it has been our pleasure to enjoy his acquaintance, and with this is coupled the hope that his days may yet be long in the land and that peace and contentment may at all times abide with one whom the *Sun* very correctly and appropriately styles "a most companionable and genial old gentleman."

—The bids for the work of building the new Court House varied in amount from $79,800 to $131,773, the latter being the figures of a Carrolltown contractor, who was followed next in order by a Blair county contractor at $126,395, and he in turn by a local firm at $125,000, and so on down to the sum first named, which was the bid of Mr. Henry Shenk, of Erie, and to whom the contract has been awarded. There were thirteen applicants in all, and it is a notable coincidence that two of them, who live in widely-separated towns and had no acquaintance whatever, nor any knowledge of each other's intentions, proposed to do the work at exactly the same price—$79,997. The successful bidder, who gave bonds in the sum of $50,000 for the faithful performance of his contract, has had the ground staked off and will begin the work in the course of a few days.

FULL stock of canned goods at Freidhoff's.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.—Our report of Court proceedings left off last week with the case of the Commonwealth vs. Clement Burke, indictment murder, on trial. Able arguments were made by Chal. Dick, Esq., and District Attorney Rose for the prosecution, and by Messrs. Johnston and Linton for the defense. The jury retired about suppertime Thursday evening, and a couple of hours thereafter returned with a verdict which recited that the defendant was "not guilty." It is understood that the result of the first ballot, as taken in the private room of the jury, was 2 for conviction for murder in the first degree; 8 for conviction for murder in the second degree, and 2 for acquittal. Some manifestations of applause were indulged in by a portion of the large audience upon the rendition of the verdict, but these ebullitions of feeling were promptly nipped in the bud by the decided manner in which Judge Dean gave it to be understood that rowdyism should not be tolerated in a Court over which he presided. Burke went to Allegheny township the next day, to visit some of his relatives, and the following Sunday took the train to Johnstown, where his mother resides. He made an exceedingly narrow escape from the penitentiary, or possibly something even worse, and should he ever again come before a Cambria county jury on a criminal charge, it is likely that he will fair badly, as it is beyond dispute that the verdict in his case does not meet with the approval of everybody.

Court adjourned immediately after the verdict had been handed in, this order having meantime been declared: Cumbria Charles Calbert, a cripple, insane, should be sent to Dixmont hospital to remain there till he should be cured or till such time as further action in his behalf should be found necessary.

SECOND WEEK.

The Second week of Court, which is devoted to Common Pleas business, met on Monday morning last at eleven o'clock, a full bench being present. The list of attorneys was first called, for motions, etc., after which every traverse juror on the list answered to his name. For reasons assigned, a half dozen of these were subsequently excused from service.

The trial list was read, and several cases marked "continued" or "settled."

MONDAY—AFTERNOON SESSION.

The first case taken up was one which bore this caption—"The People's Fire Insurance Company vs. John Quirk." It was in the nature of a feigned issue, and occupied all afternoon in the trying. This Company is a bankrupt concern, whose headquarters are in the Cumberland Valley, and it was sought, through assignees, to recover certain assessments claimed to be due it. The testimony, chiefly documentary, was in at 6 o'clock, and the pleas of counsel listened to, when Court adjourned.

TUESDAY—MORNING SESSION.

Court met at 9 o'clock. His Honor Judge Dean charged the jury on the preceding case, laying down the law as it applied to corporations and specially to fire insurance companies, and at 9.40 the jury went to their private room.

The next case was identical with the former, save and except that P. M. & J. Brown, of Summerhill, figured as defendants. The jury went out at 11.40 o'clock, when the case of Brindlinger vs. Pringle, feigned issue, was reached.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The jury in the case of The Peoples' Fire Insurance Company vs. John Quirk returned a verdict in favor of plaintiff, in the sum of $12.

In the case of the same Company, vs. P. M. and J. Brown, the verdict of the jury was for the defendants.

Brendlinger vs. Pringle—feigned issue. After listening to testimony, jury went out at 6.30 o'clock.

The People's Fire Insurance Company vs. Adams. In this case a note was given by the Company, in the war times, and owing to the absence therefrom of a correct revenue stamp, plaintiff becomes nonsuit.

Court adjourned at 6 o'clock.

WEDNESDAY—MORNING SESSION.

The jury in the case of the Peoples' Fire Insurance Company vs. James Adams made return. The plaintiff not having by competent testimony made out a case the Court directed the jury to find for defendant.

The other cases of the Peoples' Fire Insurance Company against citizens of the county were continued.

In the case of Brendlinger, vs. Pringle, a verdict of $526.26 was rendered.

Bradley vs. Risban was the next case in order. It was an action of debt, and consumed all the time of the Court up to the hour of 12 o'clock, when an adjournment was had.

GEN. GRANT'S NARROW ESCAPE IN 1845.—We all know that Gen. Grant was crushed in spirit as well as in his Presidential aspirations at the recent Republican National convention at Chicago, but it will undoubtedly be news to all our readers to learn that in early life he came so near being crushed in body as well, that it seems almost a miracle he was spared to become not only a great General but also President of the United States for even one term, much less a second, to say nothing of his aspirations for the third one. We get the story from our esteemed friend, Henry Hughes, of Summerville, this county, who was one of the principal actors in what came within an ace of proving a shocking tragedy, and as it in this way becomes to some extent a matter of local interest, we need offer no excuse for assigning it to this department.

In 1845, Mr. Hughes, who was then working in the lead mines at Galena, Ill., was employed to go to the extreme northern part of Michigan, to assist in opening up a copper mine on land owned by a company in Philadelphia, of which Dr. Pettit, of that city, was the managing agent or superintendent. The land, of the company, was adjoined Fort Wilkinson, a military post of the Government, and where at the time stated quite a number of United States troops were garrisoned. Grant was then a Lieutenant in the army, having only recently graduated at West Point. A company of the regiment to which Grant belonged was stationed at Fort and was commanded by Capt. Albertis. Dr. Pettit, the agent, decided to sink a shaft on the land of the company at a point about thirty yards from the fence, which on that side enclosed the Government property, and Mr. Hughes was detailed with some of the other employes to commence the work. It became necessary to blast the rock which was encountered a short distance below the surface. Mr. H. drilled the hole, placed in it a heavy charge of blasting powder, and arranged all the other preliminaries necessary to a successful explosion. While he was engaged at this work, young Grant walked down from the Fort and stepped into an outhouse, distant probably twenty yards from where the blast was to take place. Neither Mr. H. nor any of the other employes saw him, and only a moment or two before the explosion occurred, Grant stepped out and was walking in the direction of the Fort. So powerful was the force of the blast that a large section of the rock, weighing between three and four hundred pounds, was hurled high in the air at a single bound, and with a falling squarely on the roof of the small outhouse from which Grant had just emerged, crushed it completely to the earth. Mr. H., the other workmen, and Grant himself, who returned to the spot, all came to the conclusion from the utter and complete flattening of the structure and the destruction of the rock that Grant's escape from certain death, had he not left it just in time, was simply out of the question. In the following Spring Grant left the Fort with his company to go to Mexico, with which country war had just been declared.

—The Altoona *Call* credits an Indiana county man who was in that city on Saturday last with having said that Sweitzer, who is now in the Indiana jail, had made a confession, the result of which was that three brothers named Boring were arrested and committed to prison in connection with the charge of being implicated in the murder of the peddler Marks. From the alleged confession it appears that the Borings and Sweitzer were in a field cutting oats, when two of them went out and seized the peddler, bound and gagged him, and after taking his goods left him in the school house, and at night the four men went and took the peddler out into the woods, where they shot and killed him, and, after procuring a lot of brush wood, burned the body and buried the bones. It is said that one of the prisoners has agreed to conduct the officers to the scene of the tragedy. The *Call* gives the above story for what it is worth, and how much there may be inferred from the fact that two of the Borings, Charles and Ed., were taken into custody on the night preceding and the third one, Emmett, on the day following the arrest of Sweitzer, and of course their capture could not have been the result of any disclosures made by the latter after his incarceration, as those four suspected murderers were all taken from Cherrytree to Indiana in a squad together.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JULY.—The July number of Ballou's Monthly Magazine is so good an issue that we hardly knew which article to read first,—the illustrated one or the stories which are so prominent and so good withal. It is a superior number, with a piece of music that is worth more than the price of the magazine. Published by Thomes & Talbot, 23 Hawley St., Boston, Mass., at $1.50 per annum, postpaid, and for sale at all the news depots in the country.

A GOOD MAN LAID TO REST.—We had the melancholy satisfaction on Thursday last of attending the funeral obsequies of one of our best of earthly friends, Rev. Father John Walsh, late pastor of St. John's church, Altoona, which sad cortege the Hollidaysburg *Standard* very appropriately describes as an ovation of sorrow at the death of a man who was beloved by all. The funeral services, which took place at the church recently in charge of the deceased priest, consisted of a Pontifical Requiem Mass, which was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Bishop Tuigg, assisted by five of the clergy as deacons, sub-deacons and master of ceremonies, an eloquent and impressive sermon by Rev. Father Pollard, a few appropriate remarks by the Bishop, and all the other rites of religion pertaining to the burial of the dead. Within the sanctuary during the continuance of these touching and impressive proceedings sat no less than forty-five clergymen, including the Rt. Rev. Bishop, all of whom participated in the subsequent services and joined in intoning the *De Profundis* at the grave. After the services at the church had been completed an immense funeral procession was formed and marched to the depot, where eighteen cars were soon filled to repletion, and the funeral cortege proceeded to Hollidaysburg, leaving hundreds behind who were unable to find even standing-room on the train. Reaching its destination the funeral procession was preenforced by the societies connected with St. Mary's and St. Michael's churches, and by hundreds of others, and as it wended its way through the streets of the town where the deceased priest had been known and loved by all, without distinction of creed, as the zealous, devoted and noble-hearted pastor of St. Mary's for fully a quarter of a century, it was conceded by all that a tribute of respect so overwhelming in numbers and so impressive in its mournful solemnity and imposing characteristics had been witnessed in that place before. Amid the tolling of the deep-toned Court House bell, the playing of a solemn dirge on the chimes of St. Mary's, the sympathetic peals of the bell of St. Michael's, and the responsive acclaim of still others, the funeral pageant moved past the closed doors of the many business houses along the way, receiving as it passed the respectful obeisance of the immense throngs which lined the sidewalks, and proceeded direct to the Catholic cemetery in the northern outskirts of town, where the mortal remains of the good priest, the faithful friend, the wise counselor and the true man, hallowed by the tears of his devoted people and by the heartfelt regrets of all who knew him only to esteem him, were laid to rest with appropriate ceremonies in a vault specially prepared for the purpose. And there was consigned to mother earth one whom to know was to love, whom to name was to praise—one whose good deeds will live after him and whose honored memory will ever be cherished by thousands of devoted and grief-stricken friends and children in the faith. Peace to his ashes and eternal rest to his untarnished soul.

WEIRD SCENES AT A RAILROAD WRECK.—The Altoona *Daily Sun* of Monday tells the following story of the experience of passengers delayed by a wreck on the Pennsylvania railroad on Saturday night last:

A freight train loaded with grain met with a disastrous wreck in the narrows two miles east of Blairsville intersection, on the Pennsylvania railroad, about half-past 8 o'clock on Saturday night. The storm previously had uprooted an immense tree on the mountain side and it rolled down the hill and struck the south track with great force, spreading the rails and tearing up the track, and passing on the north track, swept on the other side of the mountain. The freight train was running on a heavy down-grade in order to make the top of the hill, and the rate of speed could not be slacked in time to prevent running into the mud-up track, nor was the damage observed until the accident happened. The engine and two or three cars passed over without injury, when the following cars began piling up promiscously, being broken and twisted and turned into all sorts of shapes, until about fifty had been emptied out of their contents, the grain being spilled all along the track, in some places to the depth of a foot. A man named Mcormick, a brakeman, who lives in this city, jumped from the train when he recognized the situation and was badly used up, but a physician who was at once called to the scene dressed his wounds and expressed the opinion that he would recover in a short time. McCormick was brought home on fast line, which arrived here about 5:30 yesterday morning. He was taken from the train at the west end of the yard and removed to his home on a stretcher. A terrible storm was raging about the time the accident occurred, and one engineer thought there he thought the judgment-day had come. The lightning flashes were terrific, and as they played in the wild gorges and ravines a weird and absolutely appalling scene was presented. Two sections of fast line east were stopped at Derry, and after consultation some passengers concluded to be transferred, while others said they would remain all night. Those who transferred were placed on the first section of fast line, which was run up to the wreck, about nine miles east of Derry, where the passengers were transferred to the mail train, lying east of the wreck, the passengers of the mail train in turn being transferred to the first section of fast line, which returned to Pittsburgh, the mail train coming to Altoona. The regular trains were delayed materially all day Sunday, but by evening the wreck was cleared away and the track repaired. The passengers were unanimous in their praise of the conduct of the train employes and wreck hands for the assistance rendered during the tedious and unpleasant process of transferring the trains, among whom were many aged ladies. Bonfires were built to light the passengers past the wreck, and every means that would insure safety and convenience were adopted.

BIG FIGURES.—Even those familiar with the enormous sales of the "Vibrator" Separators manufactured by Nichols, Shepard & Co., of Battle Creek, Mich., will be surprised to know that all Separators manufactured by them were set up ready for work and placed in line just touching each other, the line would be more than 100 miles long, and if to this are added the Engines and Powers manufactured by them, the line would be over 200 miles in length. To ship these machines, placing one on each car, would require 25,000 cars, making 1,250 trains of 20 cars each. With such a demand it is easy to see why the firm carries in stock 10,000,000 feet of the choicest air-seasoned lumber. The reason of this success is the fact that the "Vibrator" is perfectly genuine, does not easily get out of order, lasts the longest, and does the *best* and *quickest* work. Every article used in its manufacture is the very best that money can buy, and as the firm have an abundance of capital, they buy for cash and therefore sell at a price no higher than other parties charge for inferior goods. Of course, no one would buy any Threshing Machinery without first examining that made by Nichols, Shepard & Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

A COMMENDABLE COMBINATION.—We cannot say to a certainty that Burdick & Allen's Quadruple Combination, or grand variety show, which gave two exhibitions in this place on Friday last, is a one-horse show, as there were no equine eccentricities exhibited while we were present, but we can say without fear of contradiction that no entertainment has ever been given in this place which was received with more universal satisfaction, all who attended the show being unanimous in the opinion that it is a better show than Adam Forepaugh's or any other aggregation, even with the hind paws thrown in. More than that, all connected with it behaved themselves in a most becoming manner, outside as well as inside the ring, while the band which accompanied it, and which is under the leadership of a cousin of Dr. Creery, of this place, is not much as to size but really immense as to the quality of music it dispenses. All in all, the Quadruple Combination is well worth the price of admission, and when it retdiras to this place, according to promise, we feel sure that a little judicious advertising through the newspapers will secure for it a much bigger boom than it had on Friday last, though even that in point of size and respectability was one not be sneezed at.

THE thrush in the thicket is singing,
The lark is abroad on the lea,
And over the garden gate swinging
A maiden is waiting for me.
She will wait till she's weary, I'm thinking,
Though eager I am for the fryst;
She will wait till the bright stars are blinking,
And sigh for the kisses she miss'd.
For her father is watchful and wary,
A very ill tempered old churl,
And I'm not the sort of canary
To be kicked for the love of a girl.

It wouldn't be safe to be kicked by that old man, for he wears a pair of solid boots bought from S. Blumenthall, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona.—Those boots, custom-made, are good for either show or service, and as such we recommend them to the readers of the FREEMAN. But in addition we add that Mr. Blumenthall sells not only first-class merchandise, but that he makes out bills at most prices. Call and see him.

I KNOW he's an old bachelor, a horrid, grumpy thing,
A nasty, spiteful cross-grained, ugly fright!
I wish, John, that such callers to your wife you would not bring.
You know as well as I do it's not right.
Why do I think him single? *Why?* Oh, John, I'll have a fit.
Did you not hear, you stupid, you? *He called dear baby*—"It."

The foregoing is for the special consideration of newly-married folks, to whom we tender our commiseration whenever the word "it" is used in connection with a baby either lately born, or to be born, or born some time ago. If this baby, in the cradle or larger grown, should fail to patronize Simon & Bendheim, next door to the First National Bank, Altoona, when he wants to buy a suit of ready-made clothing, then he might as well have stayed in the shell.

WOMAN'S WISDOM.—"She insists that it is of more importance, that her family shall be kept in full health, than that she should have all the fashionable dresses and styles of the times. She therefore sees to it, that each member of her family is supplied with enough Hop Bitters, at the first appearance of any symptoms of ill health, to prevent a fit of sickness with its attendant expense, care and anxiety. All women should exercise their wisdom in this way."—*Ed.*

TWO DESIRABLE AND VALUABLE WORKS.—The agents for obtaining subscribers to the two excellent books described below are now in town and will remain for a few days. We commend them to the courtesy and patronage of our citizens, and trust they will meet with that success commensurate with the rare merits of the two important works for which they are canvassing, and of which pretty accurate opinions may be formed by perusing the following not too flattering reviews:

A GREAT HISTORICAL WORK.

*The pictorial History of the World, embracing full and authentic accounts of every nation of ancient and modern times, and including a History of the rise and fall of the Greek and Roman Empires, the growth of the nations of Modern Europe, the Middle Ages, the Crusades, the Feudal System, the Reformation, the discovery and settlement of the New World, &c., &c., by James D. McCabe.*

There has long been a great and universally-felt want of a History of the World suitable for general use. This want is now being supplied by The National Publishing Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., and Dayton, Ohio, who have issued a handsome volume, entitled "The Pictorial History of the World," by James D. McCabe, a well-known historical writer. This work will, undoubtedly, take rank as a Standard History. It is the most valuable book that has been published in this country for many years. It contains a separate and admirably written history of every nation of ancient and modern times, and is full of valuable information concerning the men, presented in popular style, and in a manner that will enable the reader to refer instantly to any subject upon which information is desired. The book is a complete treasury of history, and there is not a question that can be asked concerning any historical subject, but an answer to it can be found in this work. The author does not content himself with a mere dry statement of facts, but sketches the life and manners of the various nations of which he treats, in life-like colors, and presents to the reader the causes which led to the prosperity and decay of the great powers of the world. He shows us the various great men—the warriors, statesmen, poets, sages, and orators of ancient and modern times, and makes them familiar to the reader; he explains the secret motives of their actions, and points out the lessons which their lives teach. A valuable feature of the book is a full *History of the late War between Russia and Turkey.* This is the only complete History of the World in print, and it should be read by every intelligent person. We are constantly called upon to discuss the great questions of history, and the wars and quarrels of the nations of the old world requires us to be continually refreshing our historical knowledge. This work offers the best means of obtaining the information the people need. It is compact, easy of reference, and strictly accurate, and presents to the reader a mass of information respecting ancient, medieval and modern history not to be found in any other book.

The mechanical execution of the book deserves the highest praise. It contains **1260** large double-column pages, printed in the clearest and most beautiful style on paper of the very best quality. The book is embellished with over **650** fine engravings, illustrating the events recorded in the narrative, embracing battles and other historical scenes; portraits of the great men of ancient and modern times; and views of the principal cities of the world. These engravings are genuine works of art, and were made at a cost of over **$25,000.** The great number and high character of these engraving make this the

## STORIES ABOUT ANIMALS.

Bulger, in Lexington, Ky., known as the "Funeral Dog," succumbed to old age. When Bulger's master was buried five years ago the faithful dog remained at the grave, howled piteously and tried to scratch to the coffin. Afterward he followed to the cemetery every funeral that passed through the streets, and returned from the burial with the mourners. When the coffin was deposited in a vault, and the lid removed, Bulger would place his feet on the bench and survey the face of the corpse, as if still looking for his master.

Bisset, the animal trainer of Perth, taught an ourang to wait on the table and perform other household duties belonging to servants. A chimpanzee has been trained to feed and attend a baker's oven fire on board ship. A female chimpanzee in the London Zoological Garden, could lock and unlock a door or drawer, and thread any needle. In taking her meals she used knife, fork, spoon, and drinking-cup with the same ease as a human being. The chacma baboon has been taught to blow bellows and to drive teams of wagon horses.

"Jim" was a crow, with a crippled wing, that was found in a marsh near Cooper's Point, Pa. After recovering from his injuries he attended his benefactor on his sailing excursions, and his favorite roost was either at the masthead or on one of the men's shoulders. "Jim" always gave orders to tack when approaching the shore. One day when the wind was ahead and the tide was low, short tacks were a necessity, but the skiff was soon ashore on her centreboard. With a shrill, derisive cry, the crow struck its owner in the face with both wings, and flew away, evidently disgusted.

A trio of puppies kept up such a barking that the neighbors threatened to have the owner arrested for causing a nuisance. He took a club, and when one of them barked he chastised the one he thought made the noise. But he soon hit on the plan of making the trio responsible for one another, and on hearing a bark he chastised all. The mother was with them, and finally the barking was followed by a squeal; the mother had one of the pups by the neck. The master went out and patted her, signifying that she had done well. She wagged her tail in satisfaction, and the dogs never barked again, excepting on the most provoking occasions.

A farmer in Preston, Conn., who was troubled by rats, purchased a cat with a reputation as a mouser, and rats were soon among the things that were. But on going into the cellar one day he saw rats sharing the noonday meal of the cat. The cat appeared to be charmed by them. The farmer allowed the strange friendship to exist for several days, the rats coming regularly to partake of meals with the cat. Finally the farmer decided to put an end to the singular friendship, and, taking a gun, went to the cellar. No sooner, however, had he fired at and missed a rat than the cat jumped upon it and killed it.—Now the farmer wants to know why the cat did not kill the rat before.

Sharks fifteen feet in length are found in Pacific waters. At Acapulco some of the hands on the steamship China baited a hook and caught one of the sharks.—In the belly was found a human arm. There were also found in the maw of the shark the heel and toe of a human foot. The arm was the left, and on it were plainly visible the initials tattooed in India ink, "A. H. C." About ten days previous to the taking of the shark a sailor from a British brig then in the harbor fell overboard and was lost. San José Joe, the monster shark of San José de Guatemala, was recently seen by the Captain of the China. This shark has for many years been the terror of the coast from San José de Guatemala to Punta Arena. It is said to be forty feet in length, and is extremely ferocious.—In the last few years "Joe" has devoured half a dozen men, and the Guatemalan Government offered a reward of $500 to any one who would kill the devourer.

Custer was the name of a Newfoundland dog that belonged to a New Jersey girl. "We trained him to hold the hatter in his mouth and lead the horses away," she said. "He could carry two eggs in his huge mouth and never break one. He could turn a knob as well as any one, and on entering a room would always turn around and put his paw on the door to close it. If this failed he would jump upon the door, taking care not to scratch with his nails. If any one sat down in the house without doffing his hat Custer would steal stealthily up behind him and pull it off, then dropping it on the floor at the side of his chair would walk quietly away and lie down, as one who had performed a duty. We would wrap a few peanuts in a paper and send him with it in his mouth to a store for candy, of which he was very fond. After delivering it to us he would stand expectantly by, wagging his tail and waiting for the sweet morsel he knew he was sure to get.—He was fond of milk, too, but would carry it faithfully to our pet lamb; and though he would glance lovingly into the pail occasionally, he was never known to betray our trust or steal one sip of the coveted beverage."

MAHOGANY FURNITURE.—It was only in 1720 that mahogany was first employed in England for cabinet furniture. Its origin is thus related:

"Dr. Gibbons, an eminent physician, having had some planks of this wood given to him by his brother, a West India captain, who had brought them in his vessel as ballast, wished to use them for a house he was building; but the carpenters complained that the wood was too hard. It was therefore laid aside as useless. Soon after Mrs. Gibbons wanted a candle box, and the doctor called in his cabinet maker to make him one out of this wood, then lying in the garden. He also declared that it was too hard. The doctor said he must get stronger tools. The candle box was completed and approved, inasmuch that the doctor insisted upon having a bureau made of the same wood, and when finished, the fine color, the polish, etc., were so striking, that he invited his friends to come and see it. Among them was the Duchess of Buckingham, who was so well pleased that she had a bureau made of the same wood, which speedily became fashionable among the higher classes, and has ever since remained so."

LONGEVITY OF FISHES.—Some days ago I had occasion to make some inquiry into the age of fishes, and was surprised to find that they lived so long. Thinking that there are others who know as little about the subject as I did, I append a letter I received from Prof. Spencer W. Baird, United States Fish Commissioner, who is the best authority in the world on fish. He writes:

"There is, I believe, authentic evidence to show that carp have attained the age of two hundred years. There is a tradition that, within the last fifty years, a pike was living in Russia whose age dated back to the fifteenth century. The fish is said to have been eighteen feet long. This, however, is not considered very reliable. But there is nothing to prevent a fish from living almost indefinitely, as it has no period of maturity, but grows with each year of life. In species like mammals and birds, where there is a limit, a definite term of years is generally the rule."

There are now some gold fish here, in the aquariums of the United States botanical garden, that are fifty years old. A gold-fish dealer in Baltimore showed me some gold-fish that he had kept in his aquarium for thirty years.—*Washington Letter to the Hartford (Conn.) Times.*


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A Positive Remedy and Cure

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Cures by *Absorption*. *Ten Minutes* wear will demonstrate its healing qualities.

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The LE FEVRE LUNG PAD acts *directly upon the part affected* and *cures by a natural process of revitalization.*

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We have the most *unequivocal testimony* to their curative powers, from persons of high character and intelligence. We *guarantee* that the

## LE FEVRE LUNG PAD

Will heal and strengthen and prolong life in the *WORST CASES of TUBERCULAR CONSUMPTION*, and will effect a *cure in every case* if the disease has only recently been contracted. Persons suffering from

**Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Weak Lungs or Blood Spitting, will find the Pad an inestimable boon!**

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☞For the cure of **Bright's** and the other diseases, call for **Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.**

WARNER'S SAFE BITTERS.

It is the best **Blood Purifier**, and stimulates every function to more healthful action, and in this **A benefit in all diseases.**

It cures **Scrofulous** and other **Skin Eruptions** and Diseases, including **Cancers, Ulcers**, and other **Sores.**

**Dyspepsia, Weakness of the Stomach, Constipation, Disordered Liver, Debility**, etc., are cured by the **Safe Bitters.** It is unequalled as an appetizer and tonic.

Bottles of two sizes; prices, **50c.** and **$1.00.**

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Powerful as it is to stop pain and soothe disturbed Nerves, it never injures the system, whether taken in small or large doses.

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Are an immediate and active stimulus for a Torpid Liver, and cure Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Diarrhœa, Malaria, Fever and Ague, and should be used when either the bowels do not operate freely and regularly. As a dinner pill one each small dose for thorough work. Price, 25cts. a box. Warner's Safe Remedies are for sale by Druggists & Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

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*It is a dry vegetable compound and*

One Package makes six quarts of Medicine.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE. CHEMICALLY PURE.

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Which is the same thing.

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Pronounced by all to be the most PLEASANT and EFFICACIOUS remedy NOW in use for the CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. OVER A MILLION BOTTLES SOLD WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that CANNOT be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per bottle.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS are also highly recommended for curing liver complaint constipation, sick-headaches, fever and ague, and all diseases of the stomach and liver. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box.

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October 24, 1878. ly.

# HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Appetite, refreshing sleep, the acquisition of flesh and color, are blessings attendant upon the reparative processes which this priceless invigorant speedily facilitates and secures to a grateful community. Dilapidation, restored and maintenance affected to such blessed vitalizing organs by the Bitters, when to inclement seasons by the feminine palate, are able to combat with, and thereby to safe.

For sale by all druggists and Dealers generally.

| PROVERBS. | PROVERBS. |
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| "For sinking spells, fits, dizziness, pe[illegible]tation and low spirits, rely on Hop Bitters." | "$500 will be paid for a case that Hop Bitters will not cure or help." |
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| "Clergymen, Lawyers, Editors, Bankers and Ladies need Hop Bitters daily." | The Hop Pad for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, is superior to all others. Cures by absorption. Ask Druggists. |
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## DESTROYING WEEDS.

Every once in a while we read that the way to destroy noxious weeds is to haul loads of earth and cover the places where the weeds grow a half foot or so deep. Sometimes these instructions are varied so as to read rubbish instead of earth, and then again rubbish is defined as straw, cornstalks or even brush.—Now, we have no doubt in the world that weeds can be destroyed in that way. We know that weeds are to feed on air, and all that sort of thing, and that if they are smothered they can't breathe, and if they cannot breathe they die. All this is so plain to the thickest skull that one may feel perfectly safe in recommending it as something that will surely do. And yet we would like to know how many persons who recommended it have ever done so, or seen their plan tried by others? We very much doubt whether it was ever done. Some persons may have noticed that under a brush heap everything was killed, and that after remaining a year the brush heap's removal would show the spot bare of all vegetation. If the recommendation ever had any ground at all it was surely this.

Our remedy for noxious weeds is thorough cultivation. If a piece of ground is full of briers, milk-weed, couch-grass, sodom-apples, Canada thistles, sorrel, toad-flax, or other miserable stuff that so often tries the mettle of our good farmers, let them put the ground in corn for a couple of years or so, keeping the cultivation going continually, and especially going in the earliest parts of the season, and the toughest character among these weeds will fail to stand the ordeal. If the hand-hoe can be spared to go in among the hills of corn occasionally, where the teeth of the harrow cannot reach, or to cut off here and there one which the harrow may miss, a bad case may be cured in a single season. But if this cannot be done, a couple of successive years with a sharp-tooth cultivator among a corn crop will generally do the business for the worst case that ever was.

Let any one who has a weedy field before him resolve another season to put the whole tract in corn, and he will soon give up all the common ideas of smothering-out with great layers of earth, cutting up in the full of the moon, putting salt upon their tops, or the many other recommendations started in the interest it is believed of laziness, but which really call for more trouble and hard work than a thorough and systematic cleaning, such as we have indicated, does.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

## A NEW WRINKLE FOR FARMERS.

On a former occasion we alluded to a system introduced into this country by which green food for cattle can be preserved in its fresh, green state, through the winter for feeding cattle. It may be corn, grass, oats, &c., and the way it is done is to dig pits, which are called *silos*, in oblong squares, made of a capacity of 800,000 pounds. This green provender, which is called *ensilage*, is put down late in September or beginning of October, according to the season and crops, and opened at such time as the food may be needed—say the beginning of December. Of course the ensilage is covered, so as entirely to exclude the air in order to ensure its proper preservation.

Mr. John M. Bailey, of Billerica, Mass., seems to be the first in this country to introduce this new system of feeding green food in winter, and he claims his success to be thorough and unquestionable. One the first of May ultimo, he says that he opened his silos on the 3d of December last, and that since he had been feeding a large stock of cattle and sheep upon cornfodder put down, or "ensilaged," the previous September, and that its condition was as perfect as when first used in December. He was on the first of May feeding his milch-cows and ewes with lambs exclusively with it. He invites everybody interested in feeding cattle to examine his arrangement and satisfy themselves of his success. The system is not new in parts of Europe, but he is the first person to try it here. By it, he asserts, milk can be produced at *one cent* a quart, butter at *ten cents* a pound, beef for four cents, pork for three cents, and mutton for nothing when wool is thirty cents a pound! This green forage can be put down for two dollars per ton, "two tons of which are worth as much as one ton of the best timothy hay, and as much as four tons of corn fodder fresh from the field."

This, our agricultural friends must all admit, is a decidedly new wrinkle in farming of marked importance, and will agree with us that if it can be proved to be all that Mr. Bailey represents, it will be a "boom" in the dairying business and in the production of meat, such as will create in both a revolution. And we hope it will be for the benefit of all concerned.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

REPAIRING POST-AND-RAIL FENCES.—It is said that a post-and-rail fence made of chestnut timber would last a lifetime if it were not for the post rotting off at the ground. Whenever the latter occurs, all that is necessary is to plant new posts (without being mortised) close alongside of those that have rotted off, and then, with a piece of pailing wire, tie the tops of the old posts to the tops of the new ones, and, it necessary, the bottoms of the old posts to the bottoms of the new ones in like manner. In this way the same set of rails will outlast several sets of posts, and the strength of the fence be preserved for many years, if not for a lifetime.

BED BUGS—HOW TO DESTOY THEM.—These troublesome pests may be effectually distroyed with kerosene or coal oil applied by means of a feather to the bedstead or crevices in the wall and such other places as they may inhabit. But a more effectual remedy is made of two ounces of corrossive sublimate, one pint alcohol, half ounce spirits turpentine, half ounce tincture red sanders, mixed; but as this is one of the most deadly poisons, much care should be used to keep it out of reach of the children. It should be applied in the same manner as directed for the coal oil. Two or three applications will effectually eradicate them.

IRON FOR FRUIT TREES.—The scales which fly off from iron being worked at forges, iron trimmings, filings, or other ferruginous material, if worked into the soil about fruit trees, or the more minute particles spread thinly on the lawn, mixed with the earth of flower beds or in pots, are most valuable. They are especially valuable to the peach and pear, and, in fact, supply necessary ingredients to the soil. For colored flowers they heighten the bloom and increase the brilliancy of white or nearly white flowers of all the rose family.—*American Mechanic.*

TOMATO VINES.—If there is any truth in the following it is important: A statement comes from South America that a singular property of tomato leaves has been discovered by a fruit grower. Having cut down some tomato vines he used them to mulch around his peach trees. He soon discovered that the curculio, which was destroying his fruit, had abandoned the trees surrounded by the tomato vines. Following up this discovery, the free use of tomato vines proved a perfect protection, not only against the curculio, but other noxious insects.

TO EXTRACT grease from papered walls, dip a piece of flannel in spirits of wine, rub the greasy spots once or twice, and the grease will disappear.

## How the Earth was First Mapped Out.

What these early maps were we do not know, but can from a reasonable conjecture. The earth at that time was supposed to be a flat circular plain, or disk, the broadest part being from east to west, which was entirely surrounded by an ocean, or great river, that washed it upon all sides. In about the centre of this plain Greece was supposed to be situated. The great central sea of the inhabited region was the Mediterrean. The farthest point known at the west was the straits of Gibralter, then called the pillars of Hercules. The southern part comprised the north of Africa as far as the deserts; while the region north embraced the countries bordering upon the Miditerranean, and an unknown hyperborean land farther to the north, with the Euxine and Caspian seas at the northeast. The farthest eastern point known was about the limit of India. This was what would then be contained in a map as a representation of the earth. The sun was supposed to pass under and around this flat plain, which was then the mode of accounting for the changes of day and night. The space beneath was supposed to be a great vault, called Tartarus, the abode of the spirits of the wicked among men, as the region corresponding to it above the plain, was heaven, or abode of the Gods. The unknown region beyond the Pillars of Hercules was fill up with creations of the fertile imagination of the Greeks. To the northwest and north were the Cimmerarians, a people living in perpetual darkness; and the hyperboreans, a race supposed to be exempt from toil, disease and wars, who enjoyed life for a thousand years in a state of undisturbed serenity. In the west of Sicily were the enchanted islands of Circe and Calypso, and the floating island of Elous. A little to the north of the Pillars of Hercules was the entrance to the infernal regions; and far out into the Western Ocean, the happy region called Elysium a land of perpetual summer, where a gentle zephyr constantly blew, where tempests were unknown, and where the spirits of those whose lives had been approved by the Gods dwelt in perpetual felicity. Here, also, were the Gardens of the Hesperides, with their golden apples guarded by the singing nymph, who dwelt on the river Oceanus, which was in the extreme west, and the position of which was constantly shifted, as geographical knowledge increased.—*The Popular Science Monthly.*

MEDICAL PROPERTIES OF EGGS.—For burns or scalds nothing is more soothing than the white of a egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer, as a varnish for a burn, than collodion, and, being always at hand can be applied immediately. It is also more cooling than the "sweet oil and cotton" which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain. It is the contact with the air which gives the extreme discomfort experienced from ordinary accidents of this kind; and anything which excludes air and prevents inflammation is the thing to be at once applied.

The egg is also considered one of the best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up slightly with or without sugar and swallowed at a gulp, it tends by its emollient qualities to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and by forming a transient coating on these organs, to enable nature to resume her healthful sway over the diseased body. Two, or at most, three eggs per day, would be all that is required in ordinary cases, and since the egg is not merely medicine, but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise, and the quieter the patient is kept the more certain and rapid is the recovery.

It is stated within a few years that a certain oil, to be obtained from the yolks of boiled eggs, is of great use in curing cuts and bruises. This oil is obtained by cooking the yolks over a fresh fire. They are stirred constantly till seemingly on the point of bursting into a blaze, when it is found that quite a quantity of oil is eliminated from each yolk, and this strained and secured is said to have wonderful healing properties.—*American Poultry Yard.*

BIRDS AND WORMS.—After the introduction of the sparrow there was a general disappointment. He was brought here to eat worms, and no one ever saw him eat any. The writer has watched him for hours, with worms all around, without touching them. The sparrow is a grain-eating bird, yet he varies his diet and is very fond of insects on the wing; and while he would not eat the worm, he would chase and devour the miller that was seeking a place to deposit her eggs, ready to be hatched out the next season into a new crop of worms, and so the worms disappeared. Now, moths are nearly disappearing from our house, and no doubt the sparrows are killing millions of the moth-millers as they fly about, and if this is so it will go far toward reconciling the housekeeper to the dirt which the sparrow makes on the sides of the houses.

A great fuss and cry was made a few years ago by the pomological societies against the robin. They declared that his song did not compensate for the fruit which he destroyed, and as for worms he only fed on angle-worms, which did no harm, and in consequence of this there was a great destruction of robins. Still, I have watched the robins and have seen them chase and devour the miller which laid the eggs for the worms. And the result is that as robins decrease worms increase, and these not only destroy fruit but trees also.

THE DUTY OF A NEWSPAPER.—An attorney, in a recent speech before a jury in a libel suit, made use of the following language as showing the functions of a newspaper:

There has grown up a sort of an obligation, recognized mutually by the press and the people, by which the people expect that the press, as the distributors of useful information, shall inform them as well what is to be sought, as well what is to be rejected as what is to be confided in. And a newspaper, as a garnerer and distributor of news, is a public monitor, and it is its duty to admonish the people against shams and frauds, and impostures and dishonesties. It is to be a beacon as well as guide; and whenever a public newspaper, through its diversified applications for the collection and distribution of information, discovers anywhere in public life and in public avocations—whether it be a lawyer, or a clergyman, or a physician—a man who, instead of securing the public welfare by honorable methods and practices, simply prowls about in the back yard of his profession, and uses the tools and instrumentalities which honorable title gives him to pander to his own lust and avarice, or any other vile passion, and that paper fails to send out some admonitory voice and some signal of warning, it is recreant to every principle of duty and responsibility, and should be stigmatized by the public it pretends to serve.


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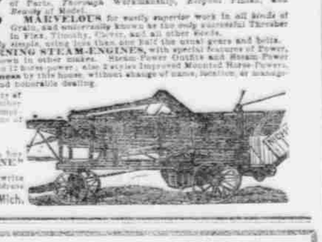

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